

For Mr. Jotaro Kujo

From Speedwagon Information Center Captain No.7

7

If I said I didn't have any indecision about restoring and deciphering the notebook that Mr. Jotaro Kujo incinerated in Egypt, I would without a doubt be lying. Because I felt that to bring those contents that Mr. Kujo saw as too unsavory to leave in this world back into it was, on a level of professional ethics and perhaps an even more fundamental level, an unforgivable and barbaric act.

But at the end of a series of twists and turns, the reason I finally arrived at accepting this request from the Speedwagon Foundation was, of course, not unrelated to that of Mr. Kujo's current memory loss and comatose state. The Speedwagon Foundation's theory that there may be some hint in the notebook that can lead to the restoration of Mr. Kujo's consciousness was, at the very least, not entirely off base. When I was told that, as someone who owes a great deal to Mr. Kujo, I was not in very much of a position to preach about policy, professional ethics, or simple common sense as a human being. Even if it did not yield any hints to his restoration, in order to even decipher a part of what caused Mr. Kujo to end up in such a state, I will overcome innumerable difficulties to restore that notebook.

However, if I were to say that that was the only reason I agreed to decipher the notebook, it would also be a big lie. Truth be told, the first time I

spoke with the Speedwagon Foundation, in other words, when I first learned that such a notebook had once existed, I must confess that I succumbed to sweet temptation. I felt strongly that it was something I should not do, but to at least an equal degree, it was something I felt I wanted to do. The man who once tried to make the world fall into darkness, Dio Brando. No, maybe it would be more appropriate to call him Dio Joestar-Or perhaps simply Dio is best. At any rate,

when learning of the existence of a notebook that a vampire who may have transcended humanity recorded his goals, there is no researcher who would not be excited. If I was to speak out without a fear of being mistaken, I was not doing scholarly work with moral conscience at the forefront of my mind. Mr. Kujo had burned it and even the Speedwagon Foundation treated its existence as

8

third-class top secret. In other words, to restore and to interpret a notebook that was being treated with such secrecy; I could not help but to jump at the challenge. That vampire that had such intense charisma which could lure people into doing evil and which he did use to entice many subordinates, that man that was described as evil incarnate, that man that still left such a large effect even after his death, how could I not want to know just what he thought, what he planned, and how he lived? Therefore, I cannot make excuses. Nice-sounding

excuses such as that this is for the sake of Mr. Kujo or the sake of world peace are honestly not important to me. I feel that if I didn't say that, it would not be fair as the person that has the right to be the first one to read the notebook.

If I am writing about fairness, then I should mention that deciphering this notebook was an intensely difficult task. While naturally turning the fragments of a notebook that was burned and turned mostly to ash that even Mr.

Jousuke Higashikata could not restore completely into readable text is difficult enough on its own, it was highly encoded and made unclear. Most of the proper nouns which were the keys were replaced in by checking my deciphering results against the facts that we had currently verified. Therefore I think it's gotten considerably easier to read, but I cannot deny the sense of having nonsensical patchwork. And those idiosyncrasies, main points, and the "way to go to heaven" that this emperor of evil was thinking of are unfortunately both so profound and difficult to understand that it is hard for even a specialist like me to say that he has been able to understand them himself.

Most of them are written in a sort of literal translation. Therefore I have no choice but to leave the true deciphering up to the wise readers. One could say that my real work has only just begun. Of course, I will bear any responsibility for mistranslations in the document or contradictions that result from them. But I feel that I must first say that I disagree that there are any to be found.

Author

"Dio, no matter what happens, live nobly and with pride. If you do that, you'll surely be able to go to heaven."

I wonder if my mother, who always used to tell me that, did indeed to go heaven in the end? Although she lived at the bottom rung of society, she lived with a pride that she never lost over the whole course of her life. But while that may be true, being so, especially being so, no, rather because she was so, I do not think she obtained a ticket to heaven.

I don't think so.

She was noble, proud, as well as pure, righteous and beautiful, and actually even goddess-like, but at the same time she was a hopelessly foolish woman.

I hated that hopeless foolishness.

Take this, for example:

While we were so impoverished we would be worried about eating meals that day—While both she and I, her son, were in an environment where we suffered from having empty stomachs, she shared the paltry sum of money she had worked to earn with hungry children in the neighborhood.

And not just with children; with elderly people or sometimes animals.

She gave charity and blessings to such "weaklings" like it was her duty. What's the word... "Kindness." She would scatter that sort of thing freely to those around her.

What was that if not foolish?

One can't help but hate it.

Her way of life where she would put herself—as well as her family—second was certainly noble and proud, but in that bottom-rung town, there was no one to assess that nobility and pride.

Depending on the place, like where the Joestar family lived, that sort of idyllic country town, such character would be reasonably recognized... but in that town that was worse than a ditch, to be honest, she was a laughingstock.

10

The children who took her charity as well as the elderly people all laughed at mother.

They roared with laughter like they were seeing a thoroughly entertaining hilarious joke being played.

And when I heard that laughter, I didn't really have much animosity to it.

They were absolutely right, I thought. Enough so that I wanted to laugh right along with them— My anger towards my mother took precedence, so I of

course didn't do so. But that's to the degree that I felt so.

My mother was foolish.

Helplessly foolish.

Be that as it may, as you might expect, being the son of the mother who was being made fun of, I was sometimes looked down on. And I couldn't just let those people that were laughing at my mother get away with it, but when I did that, my mother scolded me.

Rather than the ones that were laughing at her, she would scold me that got angry.

"You mustn't do that, Dio. You must not live relying on violence like that. If you do such things you will not go to heaven."

Thinking back, it was like it was her favorite phrase. Words themselves have concrete meanings. Maybe they were something like an incantation.

Her simply saying those things left an impression on me. She need only to say the word "heaven," and it felt like she might be saved-I had to think that, because otherwise that woman's feelings were completely incomprehensible to me.

No, even if I did think that, understandably, she was undoubtedly

impossible to understand, but thinking back on it now, I feel that it probably

brought a reasonable amount of light into her life in which she was constantly laughed at.

But anyhow, she, my mother, took every opportunity to say that to me as a young child.

If you do this, you can go to heaven.

11

If you do that, you can't go to heaven.

Heaven, heaven, heaven.

And every time, it irritated me-my childhood mind learned severe irritation. I thought of them as irrational words.

I couldn't forgive my mother.

That's why whenever I would see my drunken father commit violence against my mother, it actually made me feel relieved. "Serves you right," I thought.

Thinking about it now, it seems rather foolish but.as a young child, I

liked my father more than my mother. I felt my low-life, insignificant, hopeless father was far better than my noble, proud mother.

If my mother was a "giver" or perhaps a "donor," then I think I could say my father was a "taker."

Thinking back on my connection with thejoestar Family, a fated

connection spanning over 100 years, his habit of stealing may have been the impetus. What he "took" from Georgejoestar was the cause.

I never once saw him work.

I never saw him work or earn anything for himself.

Through random gambling, swindle-like acts and extortion, he "took" cash and food from people in town—he never "earned," he only "took." He was always doing that. The way he lived his life up until his death was the exact opposite of my mother's.

And in that town, the one that was right was my father. My father's way of living was honest and correct.

At the very least, I thought that the way my father lived so uninhibited and cunningly was cool. I wouldn't say I looked up to him, but I would say I respected him.

It really does seem foolish looking back on it now, but I was not in my

proper senses, but I thought of the way he lived as very skillful. He was always

taking from the weak. And in response to necessity, or even not in response to

necessity, he would beat other people. For me, a still-innocent child, one could not be "stronger."

I watched him.

He was strong, stylish, and cool.

In that broken-down slum of a town, knowing that my father was such a person was my life's greatest, and my life's only pride.

But my mother repudiated that.

She downright criticized it.

"Dear, please stop. Let's go give back all the money you stole. You mustn't do these things. If you do things like this you won't be able to go to heaven."

Whenever she said that, she got hit.

A foolish woman got foolishly beaten.

When she collapsed, he would violently kick her and throw liquor bottles at her.

I only found out about it later, but my little brother or little sister that could have been was lost to that violence, apparently.

It's a cruel story. It's a cruel story, isn't it? It surely is.

But among that daily violence, she was forthright to the end.

In that life at the bottom rung of society, in that terrible environment, she talked about justice, ethics, and morals. She held dearly those things that

served no purpose at like they were treasures.

I wish she'd have just shut up.

At the least, I wish she'd have overlooked my father's actions.— If she'd just done that, she would at least have escaped his violence.

No. When I think of my father in his drunken frenzies, you probably couldn't escape completely no matter what you did. But when I was a child, in an attempt to do that, I would stay quiet and get away from him when he drank. And that would minimize the amount of damage I received.

13

A child could figure that out, but she never did it. Quite the opposite. When my father was drunk heavily and got drunk off his ass, she remonstrated him.

"You mustn't drink so much liquor."

And the like.

She would say obvious things like that.

She would get hit and say obvious things— What exactly was going to come from saying things like that? If you thought about it, it should've been easy to figure out. Seeing her try to talk to my father despite the fact that she did

nothing to defend herself from being beaten couldn't be expressed as anything but humorous.

It's strange.

I cannot help but question it.

Even if she couldn't escape the scorn, she should at least have been able to escape the violence. So why didn't she?

Is it as I thought, she was simply foolish? Because she wasn't smart?

Was my mother really a hopeless idiot?

That is wrong.

Now that one hundred years have passed, I know that is wrong.

Now that I know the so-called outside world and the next world.

It's true that my mother at least had intelligence and education— Even while in poverty where I could not go to school often, the one that taught me various things in place of a teacher was none other than her.

It is because I had that basic education that I was able to live with such determination later. I never once thanked my mother for that while she was alive,

though-I didn't think that such an "education" could serve any purpose, but if it weren't for that I seriously doubt I could have lived at that refined Joestar home.

I never cared about my mother's bloodline, but when I did investigate, I found that that woman may have actually come from the upper echelons of society.

If I am allowed to say something a bit prejudiced, her refinement and dignity and that piety of hers were at the very least not born out of poverty.

They must have been things born out of a life of luxury. But why would such a woman marry that father or why she fell into this miserable town, I cannot call anything but mysteries.

Speaking of which, my father once told me something while drunk. Something about him eloping with my mother. And, "How's that for love and romance?" and some worthless drivel like that. I dismissed it as drunken

nonsense, but I don't know whether or not it was actually really true. I ignored it as it seemed like an incredibly hard story to swallow, but although I can't confirm it as true, it may not have been nonsense either.

Perhaps that father of mine said something truthful. Though there's no way to find out now.

"Dio, don't blame your father. Your father is really a kind person. He just shouldn't drink. If he'd only quit drinking, I'm sure your father would work diligently."

Now this was nonsense, I thought. My mother said such things to me with a serious look on her face. It took all I had not to cry out against that. I wanted to ask how she could possibly be so foolish.

He's really a kind person?

If only he stopped drinking?

How or where could you look or in what way could you try to explain it in order to think in such a way.? All I could think was that my mother had lost

her mind from being beaten too much.

If one assumed that, one could even say that they were actually a very well-matched couple. But really, no matter how you thought about it, they were an incredibly mismatched couple.

Despite living as the wife of that low-life father, for my mother who made it a principal to do good-- who aimed to go to heaven, must have been tantamount to torture.

Or perhaps for her, that was the most "charitable" thing she could do.

Perhaps she thought that getting close to that father of mine, to remain married to him for life, was a mission given to her by God. Something along those lines.

It's an audacious hypothesis I have no basis for, but unless I think it was something like that, I really can't understand it.

Her life was far too incomprehensible.

She was the laughingstock of the town, but she still tried to help him.

She was beaten bloody by him, but she still tried to serve that father of mine.

Every day, she worked to the brink of collapse. And seeing as one day she really did collapse and passed away, I really can't understand her.

In the end, I wonder if she did get to heaven?

I don't think she did.

Surely, she couldn't go anywhere.

She had nowhere to arrive at and nowhere to go back to.

There may be a way to get to heaven.

Since some point, I started thinking like that.

At the very least, I didn't think about it as a young child. And the

heaven I am talking about here may not be the same heaven my mother was talking about. But anyhow, at some point I started thinking in such a way.

When I say "at some point," when I'm vague about the time it occurred, it is not particularly because I'm unsure of when it happened. Nothing of the

sort. Rather, I know quite clearly and with great confidence when that

moment was.

It was when that witch, Enya the Hag, presented me the items the "Bow and Arrow" and I gained my Stand, "The World.".... To be precise, it was when my Stand ability "The World" awoke.

"The ability to control time."

Like gears meshing, when that ability that was incredible even for me

awoke, I simultaneously was convinced. No, I suppose saying "convinced" is

going too far. I only say that because it's easier to understand that way.

Though it's not actually how things were.

At that point, it was purely a "maybe" level of thinking.

But, I thought it.

I thought it.

That there may be a way to get to heaven-I thought in that manner.

So when I say "at some point," I'm saying that I started at that time and place, but looking back on it now, ever since then I've been searching for a way to get to heaven.

For that purpose.

I even thought that I was alive solely for that purpose.

I thought that that was my goal in life.

17

At the very least, the four years I've spent on the surface after living for nearly a hundred years at the bottom of the sea have been all for the sake of going to heaven.

I need to see heaven.

I must go to heaven.

I thought in such a manner, did I not?— So it's most likely that I started thinking it ever since I gained my Stand.

That there may be a way to get to heaven.

And I searched for it.

.Perhaps in that mother's place, in my foolish mother's place, I'm

trying to go to heaven? Perhaps I'm trying to see the scenery of heaven and report it to my mother?

No, that's wrong. Absolutely wrong.

Even now, I think of that mother of mine as foolish—Irrecoverably, hopelessly foolish.

She lived in that manner.

It's no surprise she died.

If I'm speaking about her, I could say that it was death from pushing herself too far and overwork; I could say she was beaten to death by my father's routine violence, even if those weren't it; whatever it was, with the way that woman lived, it was likely impossible for her to live a long life.

She died while being laughed at.

She died while being beaten.

But even so, until the end, she never blamed anyone or begrudged anyone.

"Dio, no matter what happens, live nobly and with pride. If you do that, you'll surely be able to go to heaven."

An implausible idea, to the end.

Until the very end, that woman kept saying that to me.

Even at the point of death— she said that.

I think that was perhaps a very sinful thing and such. I do think that.

18

I don't think it specifically because it was done to me, but in that

town that even hell was preferable to, to force one's own child to live righteously was mostly just abuse.

Compared to that, I do believe my father was more honest.

For that town, he was right.

"Take the things you want.

"Go swipe it from over there.

"Earn your own cost of food."

That's exactly right.

Truly "right." I have nothing to object to.

Compared to that, the dreamlike things my mother said. What I

wanted to learn from my mother was not things about heaven and God, but more

practical things that could be made to use right away and allow me to survive the day.

And of course, I said that.

That there's no such thing as heaven.

That this was hell, and that was all there was.

And when I did, Mother made a sad face.

"You don't understand because you're still a child. When you grow up, I'm sure you'll understand."

She said.

"Heaven does exist. And there is a way to get there. So we have to live for the purpose of doing that."

Why?

Even if there is a heaven, why did I have to live for the sake of it?-

And being told I was just a child was of course not going to convince me.

Towards a child, because it's a child, the only way to end a conversation is with violence.

Rather, to such a child, a child that doesn't understand anything, forcing them to do such a thing is unreasonable, I thought.

And I still do.

My mother's coercion really was abnormal.

She never showed any sign of it, but I wonder if perhaps my mother was emotionally distressed. Living such a painful life, living such a rock-bottom life, maybe living in such a manner was the only way she could maintain her sense of self. It seems probable.

Heaven, that's the key word.

For her, that was salvation.

If that was the case, as I thought, she was just foolish.-I can only

think that she became mentally ill from her empty stomach and all the violence.

If she had lived until I was a bit older, then rather than use violence like my father, I perhaps could have used logic to convince her and perhaps release her from that curse.

No, I'm sure I would have been able to.

I'd have said that that lifestyle of hers was mistaken.

I would have been able to convince her.

But in reality, I was still just a small child. And she died quite abruptly.

We buried her in a crude funeral, and I doubt she was able to get to heaven. Even on the day of the funeral, my father got drunk.

"You can't help what's dead. What, do you think because if you have a funeral, they'll come back to life? You idiot..."

My father's opinion, that point of view, I thought must be right, as I expected.

I didn't feel very sad.

Rather, I felt refreshed.

For mother, this should be good, I thought.

Yes, good.

She was finally able to die.

She could finally rest easy. That's what I thought.

Even so, I really don't think she was able to get to heaven, but— even just being released from hell should generally be enough.

And unfortunately, I do not think I can get to heaven.

At the rate I am going, I don't think I'll be able to get there.

I am searching for how to get there. And as I am now, I've half found it, but I have already obtained the Stand "The World," the one-way ticket to heaven, but as things stand, the way I am now, it does not seem I will be able to get there.

That is the conclusion I must come to.

Though I am not giving up, I currently am forced to admit that it will be difficult. It will be difficult for me to get there on my own power alone.

What I require is a friend I can trust.

He must be a human that can control his desire.

He must be a human without desire for power, hunger or for fame, or lust. He must hold God's laws in higher esteem than he does man's laws-Will I, Dio, ever be able to meet such a person?

What one could call antithesis of me. That kind of person.

No, I must meet him.

I must meet such a friend.

That is why, in preparation for meeting him, I am recording information in this notebook.

"How to go to heaven."

And no matter what kind of events may come to pass, I am writing in detail in order to have the persuasive power to denote whether or not I reached the "way to get to heaven."

Leaving behind such a record is dangerous. If this notebook were to be seen by, for example, someone like my old enemy Jonathan Joestar, it would be an unsavory situation.

I do not want such people to know of my "goal."

21

If "he" or "they" knew of it, they would be sure to try to prevent me from reaching it. Of course, if they do interfere, all I need do is find and defeat them,

but I am not currently prepared for that.

I am still not completely accustomed to this body I stole from Jonathan one hundred years ago.

In a word, I am "unsound."

With my stand, "The World," I am still confident I could defeat them, but be that as it may, when I consider my pride in such things, I realize all too keenly my humiliating defeat one hundred years ago.

So recording "how to go to heaven" like this is exceedingly risky— but it is a risk I must venture to take.

This is not something that will do to only be in my head; to be something only I understand. It is necessary for me to organize it and put it into writing so friends I have yet to meet are able to understand that method.

So even if I am gone— that method can still be realized.

Taking up a pen like this at all is something I have not done in quite a long time. Perhaps it will do some good beyond organizing my thoughts. How to put it... Yes, it reminds me of my days as a student. My time as a student when I pretended to be Jonathan's friend.

There are a great many things that I must do.

I will likely have to travel the world in order to find my yet-unfound friend. And I will have to do it with my own two legs. It may have been one hundred years ago, but in this world one hundred years in the future, finding a person of such pure spirit is likely to be no easy task.

And to win over such a pure person will be even more difficult. I

cannot turn them into a zombie or embed a "flesh bud" in them. It must be a "person I can have complete faith in." It seems ridiculously unlike me to do such

a thing. A sickening degree of difficulties lie ahead for me.

That is why a record is needed.

An objective record.

A point of view not based on my opinions.

22

If I am to do that, then I may realize things even I had overlooked.

Regardless, for now I will keep this notebook a secret from the people of my organization, especially Enya. That lot would not understand.

I can practically already hear old lady Enya saying, "Worthless. You never should have done such a thing." I've told that strange old woman that my goal is to stand at the top of the world—that it is something I am fated to do.

And now that I think of it, that may be true, I think—At the very least,

it's something impossible for anyone but me to achieve. My "The World" seems to be the type of stand that perhaps exists only for that purpose.

But, no.

Happiness is not something gained by having an invincible body, having great riches, or standing at the pinnacle of humanity.

Nor will victory or such things gain me it.

A true victor is one who has seen "heaven."

No matter what sacrifices I must make, I will go there.

Even if I must sacrifice my organization and my own Stand.

The form is different.

But the place my mother tried to go to, the place my mother could not get to, I will go to.

23

4

My mother was foolish.

That is certain.

Yesterday I wrote something like "just now after one hundred years has passed, I understand." but— I as I thought, I cannot say that she was not completely foolish.

But in actuality, far more foolish than my mother was my father— A little while after my mother died, no, it wasn't even a little while. I now realize that.

The violence that had up to that point been directed towards my mother was now all done towards me.

He beat me on an everyday basis.

I was a child, so he of course hit me when I made child-like mistakes.

But even when I did something well, even as a child, if for some reason it rubbed him the wrong way, he would beat me even worse than when I made mistakes.

To the point where I bled.

It was almost as if he thought beating a child was a form of training.

I've heard some twisted words like, "Go ahead and beat your child. Even if you don't know the reason why, that child will know why," but as a child back then, I didn't understand at all.

No, actually I soon understood.

I understood that there was no reason.

My father was just the kind of man who tyrannized weaker people in order to affirm his own dominance.

My mother was foolish. Truly and hopelessly foolish. But even if she

wasn't, even if she had a personality that was fitting for that town, I'm sure my father would have found some other reason to tyrannize my mother.

I thought that without a doubt it was because my mother was “mistaken,” because my mother was foolish, that she was beaten like that.

24

But all that had nothing to do with it. And what I said about how she would have minimized the damage if only she'd stayed quiet, I think that may not have been so.

So he began to hit me without any significant reason.

He was always irritated.

He was constantly in a bad mood.

He was so violent that he was unable not to take his anger out on something.

In order to create strong zombies, I found many wicked people-- Like Jack the Ripper, for example. But even compared to that famous villain, my father was by no means inferior.

He was a hopeless thug.

He was a stingy low-life, but when I think of just how strong a zombie he would have become had I turned him into a zombie, I think how that man truly was the father of me, Dio.

Though just thinking that is discomfoting.

Anyhow, that man was a foolish man who had an inferiority complex even towards his wife and children— It would not have been strange if he'd lost his life after living it in nonstop violence.

What I did to escape my father's violence was, at the time, work. I worked, I earned money, and I used that money to give my father liquor.

When he was drunk, his violence was all the more impossible to restrain, but if you ignored that and let him keep drinking, then he would eventually drink himself unconscious.

And of course, my father could not commit violence towards me if he was asleep.

Nonetheless, I was a child.

Even though I call it work, it wasn't legitimate work at all, of course— but in that savage town, it had its own savage system. Even if they weren't legitimate, there were many jobs to do.

25

They would take kickbacks like it were natural to do, so the money a child could earn never amounted to much. But gambling went on all over the town, so it was easy to increase that into enough to buy liquor.

I made use of my mother's education here.

The education she gave me when I was very young, I first made use of it in gambling. I'm sure that would have been very much against what she'd have wanted. When I think of that, it's very ironic. Because it was then that I first felt grateful to her.

I thought how it was thanks to her that I was able to live to today.

It was the first time I was appreciative to her.

He himself couldn't earn much money, so when his young son bought him liquor, my father expectably got in a bad mood and hit me. But to that drunkard man, liquor took priority over anything, apparently. And he stopped hitting me little by little.

It seems even that man was capable enough to calculate that if he hit me so bad that I couldn't move, he wouldn't get booze anymore.

And so I thought, "I knew it. My mother was wrong."

That's what I thought in my childish mind.

While I was thankful for the knowledge and cultivation she'd given me, I felt that my mother was still mistaken and foolish.

Even though I was very young, I felt that decision was very unlike me. Or perhaps back then, no matter how much I scorned her as being "hopelessly foolish," her humane feelings of being unable to discard my father, I shared as well. Even though I don't want to admit it, if it's necessary to get to heaven, I must admit to that as well.

"I was right, my mother was wrong."

"If Father only quit drinking he'd be a nice person?"

"That's not true at all, is it?!"

"Far from it. It's more like the more he drinks, the kinder he gets, doesn't he—?"

26

Though not to the degree of my father, but perhaps to the degree of my mother, when I thought that way, I may have been foolish.

A mistake because of youth. A careless mistake because I was a child.

To think that not being beaten by my parents meant they were "nice."... It's laughable. But for the boy Dio, that was a magnificent "discover."

As a result, until I reached a more advanced age, I constantly devoted myself to forcing my small body to do an unreasonable amount of hard work in order to earn booze money for my father.

.I'm getting really put off by this.

I'll put my pen down here for today.

27

5

I've found an interesting Stand user.

A gambler by the name of Daniel J. D'Arby.

He's a man that lives as a gambler. And after talking to him a little bit, I could tell that he was a Stand user.

It was strange; I just seemed to know somehow.

Whether the person I'm speaking to is a Stand user or not— Or even if they're not a Stand user, whether they have the talent or not, I can tell so somehow. It's truly a sensation that I can only describe as "I just do," but I understand so clearly.

In other words, I can tell if that person should be pierced with the "Bow and Arrow"— I am leaving the job of forming my organization by gathering Stand users to become my comrades to Enya, but collecting comrades for the purpose of going to "heaven" must be done by me, Dio, with my own self as the sensor.

If someone of interest appears, I must act.

Daniel J. D'Arby.

I think I will go meet with him once again.

It is possible that he is my "yet-unfound friend,"— No, that is perhaps hoping for too much.

A gambler such as him is not likely to possess a pure spirit.

Though he may become a guidepost for the purpose of going to heaven.

28

6

I decided I was going to kill my father when he sold my mother's dress in exchange for money to pay for liquor.

Up until that point, even I might have had some hopes for my father—I may have had some expectations.

Someday this man will undoubtedly change. Undoubtedly, he'll understand. I had no reason in the least to think such things, but perhaps I sought for something fatherly, or if not, then something humane, from that man.

Now that over one hundred years has passed, it is difficult to recall perfectly the feelings I had at the time, but at the least, I know I had multiple chances to kill that man.

We lived in the same house and he would lie around all day and sleep

slovenly, deep sleeps.-So if I just had a knife, I could have killed that man

whether I was a five year old boy or whatever.

The reason I did not was-because I still thought of that foolish man

as my father. Even if I did not love him dearly, that is what I thought.

But I was wrong.

That man was nothing but scum.

He was not a human parent, he was human garbage.

Even now, after one hundred years have passed, it is in fact still unpleasant to call that man my father—I only see a man like that as prey rather than as a father. I would far prefer to call George Joestar of the Joestar family my father.

That man tried to sell mother's dress.

No, he actually did sell it.

I objected repeatedly, but just when I took my eyes off of him for a minute, that good-for-nothing man brought it himself to the pawn shop.

It was an old dress and didn't earn much money.

That man sold memories with my mother for one bottle of liquor— No, for that man, that probably was not any sort of memory.

It was just a dress that happened to sit in the back of a wardrobe, one he

casually forgot about, and just sold one day. That's all— It was probably just like picking up a coin that had fallen behind a bookcase for that man.

Yes.

This man was really useless.

My father was really no good.

I realized that.

At the bottom of my heart, I realized that.

That is why I decided to kill my father— No, to be honest, it would be hard for me to say I had such a strong level of decision as that. Really, that was

I like the feeling of crushing a bug that had crawled behind a bookcase— for me.

To use the term pest-control would actually be cheapening myself.

But if I think back and reflect upon it, and I ask myself why I didn't do it, why I didn't kill that man and just left him alive, I can't find an answer.

Working day and night to earn this man money for liquor and for medicine was enraging.— And not to mention embarrassing.

What a mistake I've made.

That's what I thought.

My father was certainly a "taker."

My mother was a "giver" and my father was a "taker."

I understood that.

I understood-- and yet I did not.

The one being taken from was me.

Under my father, while I lived with him, I felt I was doing well enduring as I have, cleverly and obstinately surviving. But I was wrong.

I was merely being exploited by him.

I finally realized I was just being taken advantage of and being treated like a slave.

It was late, but I finally realized it.

No-It should not have been too late. I should still have been in time.

That is why I decided to actually do it.

30

I decided to kill my father.

However, at that time I was no longer a five year old boy. I couldn't do something impulsive like gouge out my father's stomach in his sleep with a knife.

Even though it was a rock-bottom town without any laws or

commandments, killing one's father was still an unforgivable crime. But I did not intend to throw away my life for the sake of that man.

No, I had already thrown away over ten years of my life for the sake of that man. I would not waste any more of it.

For those reasons, I had to carefully investigate ways to commit murder.

If I was going to do it, it had to be a perfect crime.

I was still a child, but I already had the ability to live on my own—I was conscious of that and acknowledged it to myself. For that reason, I could not relinquish the rest of my life.

I would not kill him with despair; I would kill him with intent.

That is why I had to think.

I had to think of a way to kill my father.

31

7

Just as I predicted, though to say that may be too pessimistic, D'Arby was not the "yet-unfound friend" I seek.

He was not the "friend I could trust from the bottom of my heart."

His avarice is too profound. From my standpoint, I have a very

favorable impression of that greed. It may be an indispensable talent for a gambler, but his is not a personality that can go to "heaven."

I wonder if one really exists...

Such a "yet-unfound friend." If such a pure human exists in this world—
No.

It's possible that I have already met him but I just haven't realized it yet.

If I think about it that way, I can't say that no one springs to mind. Though
there is still no name I can write here with confidence.

Hmm.

Then perhaps I will take that sort of approach. If this comes to a
standstill as well, then I will need to make changes, or I would expect I would
start to feel depressed.

However, it was not a completely wasted endeavor.

As I expected, getting in contact with D'Arby did yield good results— I
of course was able to make him a subordinate, but his Stand Ability became a
"hint."

The name of his Stand is "Osiris."

It is not an allusion to a tarot card like my "The World" or Enya's "Justice,"
rather, like N'Dour's "Geb," his Stand alludes to one of nine glorious
Egyptian
gods.

The Stand "Osiris" has no power.

To be perfectly blunt, in hand-to-hand combat, I would not even need to

use "The World." I could kill D'Arby him with just my normal muscle strength—

- or rather, with my vampire muscle strength.

32

But by how he uses his Stand, even I, Dio, may not be able to overpower him-That is because D'Arby's "Osiris" does not have power or speed, but instead possesses a special ability.

His Stand is able to "manipulate souls."

It is able to extract souls from the bodies of those that lose to him in gambles.—It should go without saying that that is an incredible ability.

Because he is a gambler, after he's extracted the soul it becomes a "chip."

Honestly, it seems like such an unnecessary act but. I never even imagined there would be a Stand that could allow you to "touch a soul."

And something else that surprised me, it seems he has a little brother whom also is the master of a "soul manipulating Stand." It also seems that their Stands were not the result of the "Bow and Arrow," and instead they were born as Stand users. So perhaps bloodlines have some influence.

Also, I need to investigate it, but for now I'll say they're "souls."

With that stand, it may be possible to assemble 36 souls.

"Over 36 souls that have committed heinous sins" are needed in order to go to heaven.

I will go into detail later on why such a concrete number of "over 36." If you were to ask why the souls need to have committed heinous sins, it is because the souls of sinners have a mighty power.

Just as I learned 100 years ago that the more fiendish a criminal I found, the stronger a zombie they became— The souls of sins hold great power.

I have hypothesized that that is likely the power of wishing "to go to heaven." "I want to go to heaven"— The feeling "I want to be happy" likely raises the stage a soul is in.

The other day, a boy I won over as a subordinate, Noriaki Kakyoin, had stated a theory that the one who loses a conflict is the one that is evil. But I feel that adversely, because someone is evil, because someone has a wicked soul, that they have a greater desire for victory. It means wanting to go to heaven—To go to heaven and be happy, the desire to be a true victor. Anyhow, with that I've moved forward somewhat.

I've faced heaven and moved forward— What is now crucial is to make certain that no one finds out about this.

Enya and her followers of course, but the D'Arby Brothers as well.

34

8

I killed him by poisoning.

It's regrettable that the sensation of killing has weakened for me, but that's really nothing but a meaningless feeling of self-satisfaction. I don't kill because I wish for some feeling in response.

I did not kill my father as a result of some emotion like "anger" or "resentment." And I certainly did not do it to make myself feel "exhilarated."

I simply took care of him.

Yes, took care. Fitting words.

Like doing a household chore.

I did what I had to do. There was no need for superfluous emotion.

What was crucial was to make sure the act did not create any problems

in my life. There was nothing more important to me than the life I was going to lead.

"The life I was going to lead." Thinking back on it as a being that was not able to live as a human, it's awfully ironic.... But regardless, it was for that reason that I poisoned him.

Probably due to his constant drinking, my father was feeling ill at the time and had to stay in bed— and I gallantly prepared medicine for my father. I tended to his every need.

I just replaced his medicine with poison.

That way no one would suspect me.

A devoted son, something rare for that town— In other words, typical for that foolish woman's son— cared heavily for his father, but despite his efforts, the father died of illness.

It would be such a scenario.

Of course, I could afford no mistakes in regards to which poison to use. I had to be sure it was a poison that would not be discovered— one that would leave no evidence.

It could be done gradually, over a period of months.

That way it would be easy to adapt if an unlikely scenario were to occur-

-- So for that reason I carefully regulated the amount of poison used. Sometimes I would intermingle it with ordinary flour. I had to take my time and kill him gradually.

I was in luck.

In a nearby city even darker than the one I lived in— A place called Ogre Street, I heard there was a Chinese man that handled questionable Oriental medicines. If by using a secret medicine from a country not known to Western medicine I would be able to kill my father while leaving no evidence and no possibility for future trouble.

When I came to that conclusion, I, Dio, was "relieved."

By simply reaching that, I somehow felt I was saved. To use this phrase, perhaps it is because I am writing it in this notebook, perhaps it is merely the result of sentimentality, but...

I felt the sensation that I "could go to heaven."

"Dio, no matter what happens, live nobly and with pride. If you do that, you'll surely be able to go to heaven."

It was as though mother's teachings, the teachings I had long discarded as rubbish, came fully to life.

At the time, I even felt that killing my father, poisoning him, was like a good deed done for the sake of going to heaven.

It seemed to me that killing Father was the most noble, proud act I could achieve.

Seemed?

No, I was convinced.

That if I killed Father, I would be able to get to heaven.

I believed that I would be happy and my life after that would go well.

I was certain I would be able to take back everything that I lost, everything that had been taken from me— Looking back on that now, how very wrong I was.

That was nothing from the beginning.

36

The start of the elegant tale of my life— Nothing but the start of that story of which, even now, I cannot see the finish line.

37

9

As the person reading this notebook, as my "yet-unfound friend," you, whose identity I still do not know, I have one question. Do you remember how many slices of bread you've eaten in your life?

I do not.

In order to maintain this immortal body, the number of lives I've had to "eat" is uncountable. Not that I ever attempted to count them in the first place.

Fortunately, the lifeblood of young women restores my body the most efficiently, so the largest portion of the lives that have been sacrificed to me has been that type. Though I cannot say that measurement is certain.

Of course, no human knows how many slices of bread they've eaten—
But I remember the taste of my first one.

My first slice of bread.

The first life I took.

Dario Brando. My father.

That was truly an unsavory piece of bread.

In modern terms, it tastes like eating styrofoam.

Secretly killing a person via an Eastern poison truly did not give a fulfilling sensation. Even when my father died, I really felt no sense of accomplishment.

There wasn't even any sense of accomplishment.

All I felt was a twinge of doubt.

"Was it really necessary to kill him?"

"Was there really any necessity for me, Dio, to dirty my hands?"

That is what I thought.

It was in vain.

With all he drank, he would not have lived for much longer even if I'd just left him to his own devices. His body had already deteriorated to the degree where he needed to take medicine daily.

38

Even if I didn't go out of my way to make him ingest poison, by simply not giving him his medicine— Simply not going out to earn the money for his medicine probably would have been enough.

Forget medicine, go buy me booze! He'd say.

If I'd only listened, he would likely have died within a few years— Why couldn't I just try to endure for that long?

Perhaps I chose to kill him because I sought "relief." That may have been all it was. No matter how unsavory a murder it was, I perhaps just wanted to end my father's life with my own hands.

Perhaps I thought that by doing that, I would obtain a one-way ticket to heaven— If that was the case, in the end, I felt like it was my duty to do it. And so I faced the task of killing my father.

But all I obtained was emptiness.

My father died.

He simply died. Like an insect.

The effect of that miracle-working Eastern medicine was remarkable—
Not a day off of what had been predicted, my father died.

No one suspected me.

Neither had my father suspected me.

I had achieved a perfect crime without a bit of waste— It was to the
degree where I could draw that conclusion with utmost confidence.

I ate the bread.

But I did not feel the least bit full.

I tasted something tasteless. I was coerced to.

For over ten years of time, I had been constantly stolen from by my
father, and yet, I still hungered. I continued to hunger.

If I had to define it, the impression killing my father gave me was "I'm

hungry."

Using the Stand Abilities of the D'Arby brothers, I can surely obtain the

souls of 36 souls in the blink of an eye. Even beyond 36.1 tried to test this, but in gambles and matches of skill, there seems to be a scant few that can defeat those two brothers. I, Dio, can attest to that.

The skill of the older brother, Daniel J D'Arby, is particularly formidable- - He is a true gambler. In regards to the younger brother, his skill is of course less refined due to his age, but his Stand-- "Atem," does not only remove the soul of those he defeats, but it would seem it can also read the "color" of those souls.

His Stand has the ability to gauge the "temperature of souls."

Interesting. If his skills are honed under my watchful eye, he could

become quite formidable-The stronger of the two is ultimately the more

experienced older D'Arby brother, but I would think it not a waste of time to hone the younger brother as a reserve.

Unfortunately, when I investigated into the D'Arby brothers' blood relatives— Their parents and cousin— I found they had no particularly unusual qualities at all. Mere ordinary humans.

Though it may be too early to draw this conclusion, but I think it would be beneficial to assume for now that it is only these two brothers that possess Stands with the ability to "manipulate souls." That way I would be prone to treat them with more value.

There is no need to me to piece them with a "flesh bud."

Or rather, I simply do not intend to.

That is a plan I devised as per Enya's suggestion. They are very suitable things for manipulating humans, but-unlike zombies which are created by having their blood sucked, it is a rather magnificent technique which allows a victim to be made into a subordinate while maintaining their sense of reason and intelligence. But much like the bone needles of the stone mask, due to the effect on the brain, in other words because they involve a direct connection with the

40

mind, they have the weakness of diminishing the victim's Stand power and their ability to use their Stand.

The subordinates I gained through use of "flesh buds," such as Jean Pierre Polnareff and Noriaki Kakyoin, were magnificent Stand Users, but because I used "flesh buds" on them, it is indisputable that their Stand powers diminished.

They are still considerably useful Stand Users regardless. This is fundamentally an error within the allowable limits. Such errors cannot be avoided on the path to finding a "way to go to heaven."

Over 36 souls. If I use the D'Arbys' powers, I could gain them in no

time at all.

The problem lies in finding the appropriate sinners, over 36 of them— This world has gotten considerably more peaceful compared to how it was a century ago. There are fewer sinners. Even the wicked have gained rationality.

Just as I must look for my "yet-unfound friend," I must simultaneously search for these sinners— Among the allies I have already gathered, there are murderers that could be called sinners— Men like Devo with his Stand "Ebony Devil" and Alessi with his stand "Sethan." So I feel I cannot say I have not gathered any at all.

That reminds me, I must write down the keywords.

The 14 keywords for getting to Heaven.

They are passwords as well as literal keywords- Words that will serve as a key to opening the gate to Heaven.

"Spiral Staircase."

"Rhinoceros Beetle."

"Ghost Town."

"Fig Tart."

"Rhinoceros Beetle."

"Road to Dolorosa."

"Rhinoceros Beetle."

"Singularity."

41

"Giotto."

"Angel."

"Hydrangea."

"Rhinoceros Beetle."

"Singularity."

"Secret Emperor."

What is needed is these "14 words."

So I do not forget these words myself, I will be carving the words into my Stand itself.

Though there really isn't any reason to worry— I honestly have no fear of forgetting them. That is why they are the passwords. The words themselves have no significant meaning. They're merely lyrics from a lullaby my mother would sing to me to get me to fall asleep as a small child.

Or perhaps they are the delirious words of lullaby for getting into heaven.

And at the same time, a requiem.

My father did not leave me anything.

This is only natural, as my father did not have a penny to his name.

He did have debts, but it was within the scope of something I could manage to come up with. Even the debts of my meager father were meager— Well, I suppose you couldn't expect anyone in that city to be foolish enough to lend that father of mine money.

However, while that man did not bequeath to me anything, at death's door, he pointed me on a certain "path."

He gave me certain "information."

If you could call that an inheritance, then I suppose you could call it mine.

One could say that that was the one thing given to me by that man

whom had done nothing but take.-At the very end of his life, that man, Dario Brando, went from a being "taker" to being a "giver."

That made me unhappy.

Crushingly unhappy.

By converting just as the curtain was about to draw on his life, it seemed possible to me that that man, that man whom you could not describe as anything less than a scoundrel, may have gone to heaven. That idea made my skin crawl. I knew the possibility was only very slight, but— it was unbearable.

The idea that at the end, he felt sympathy for the son he had so relentlessly abused made my body feel like it would go into convulsions.

I didn't think that my mother could have gone to heaven, but I thought my father could have.

"If he did..." I thought.

"If he did, I would have to go to heaven.-I would have to reunite with him there so I could kill that man once again."

That's the sort of thing I thought.

43

However, it was only that moment in which I thought that.— Call it a wild impulse. As I am now, I do not grope blindly for the way to get to heaven with such minor impulses.

Though if I do meet my father at my long sought after destination, I will of course kill him. Merely as a side opportunity. I have not set my sights on

heaven for the sake of such backwards-thinking impulses.

I seek heaven for humanity's, yes, humanity's next stage of evolution.

I do it to reach new heights.

Much like when I donned the stone mask and became a vampire.

Much like when I used the "Bow and Arrow" to become a Stand user— I wish to raise the stage higher.

To become a true winner.

"Dio! Come here for a minute. I have something to tell you about.

"I don't have much time. You know what I mean, right?

"I'm going to die soon.

"The one worry I'll have after I die is about you, my only son. Do you hear me, Dio?"

"When I die, take this letter and go to the home of the person it's addressed to!

"This guy is indebted to me. I'm sure he'll look after you.

"He'll probably make you go to school, too!

"This guy owes me a favor.

"Dio! When I die, go to the Joestar household! You've got a good head on your shoulders! Become the richest man there's ever been!"

He was an abysmal father.

I call him father, but I do not think of him as a father.

But that "inheritance" my father left me— I decided to take that unexpected "inheritance" with gratitude. -I was more than capable of living on my own, but I was going to use anything I had available.

I felt like my life was finally really beginning.

Yes, that's what it was.

44

By "taking" my father, my life finally began.

The connection between the Brando family and thejoestar family had already started 12 years earlier, but for me personally, one could say my connection with thejoestar family had begun at that moment.

As not to arouse suspicion, I took the time to hold a funeral for my father. What's more, I even cried at that funeral. I was a devoted son to the very end.

45

Something a little troubling has happened.

To be honest, it is not little, and I would rather not call it troubling if I could, but I think I will express it as "a littletroubling."

No, I was concerned about that possibility long ago, but.... I have had my subordinates investigate it and now the result has finally been made clear.

There are living descendants of thejoestar family.

And they are aware of my existence.

I have felt the sensation of being "watched" for quite sometime now.—

- At first I thought it was my imagination, that I was worrying myself over nothing, and to put it bluntly, that I was suffering from a paranoia I had brought with me from a hundred years earlier, but that was not the case.

I am being watched.

No, to be more precise— I am being "photographed."

By an ability known as "spiritual photography."

By ability, of course, I mean a Stand ability.

As a matter of fact, in addition to "The World," I have one other Stand—

- I was told by Enya that its name is "Hermit Purple."

It may seem odd to talk about my own Stand as if it was someone else's,

but strictly speaking, this is not my Stand. It is the Stand of the man whose body

I took over, Jonathan Joestar, it seems.

And it also seems that Jonathan Joestar's grandson possesses a Stand which is identical, or if not, very similar, to this Stand.

Those events 100 years ago...

I was weakened... I had become only a head-So if I had not taken

Jonathan Joestar's body, if I did not have this man's energy-already having

extremely little then, I would not have survived the 100 years at the bottom of the sea.

46

Regardless, although I do not know the reasons behind it, it would seem that this body has some connection to Jonathan's descendants similar to that of the bonds between parent and child.

Jonathan's grandson.

Joseph Joestar.

Holly Kujo.

Jotaro Kujo.

They are— aware of my existence.

By obtaining Jonathan's body— And by being pierced by the "Bow and Arrow," I have obtained new powers— Stands, "The World," and "Hermit Purple."

These Stands are even having an effect on the bodies of Jonathan Joestar's descendants.

Strengths and limitations are two sides of the same coin.— One cannot be had without the other.

Perhaps I should think of this as a blessing? They are currently living in the homeland of Noriaki Kakyoin, Japan, it seems.—Then I will make the first move.

Although he is considerably weakened by the "flesh bud," that boy's Stand ability should be more than enough to take care of them.

I must exterminate them.

The Joestar family—They must be eliminated.

47

Continuing from yesterday, when I realized I was being "watched," I never thought for an instant that that gaze belonged to one of Jonathan's

descendants.

I had thought that by taking Jonathan's body, I had wiped out the Joestar family. I would never have thought that their bloodline would still remain in this era 100 years in the future, which, to me, seemed like a completely different world.

Erina Joestar— Formerly, Erina Pendolton.

Though I don't know how, it seems that she, the woman who married Jonathan, survived that sinking ship— And to add to that, she gave birth to Jonathan's son.

She is quite strong willed.

Thinking back, that woman was a constant hindrance to my plans from the very beginning— If it wasn't for Erina, I highly doubt that Jonathan would have grown up to be as strong willed as he was. Far from it, he would probably have become my lapdog. Erina Pendolton-prevented that, brilliantly.

Yes. In some ways, that woman was similar to my mother.

She was noble, proud, like a holy woman— and beyond all else, foolish.

Because she loved a man such as Jonathan Joestar— I cannot help but associate the image of her with my foolish mother that loved my father.

Although, according to my investigations, the son of Erina Joestar, a pilot named George Joestar II, was killed by a zombie I made. It is ironic, or perhaps

something like fate.

No, perhaps it's an exaggeration to call it fate. Of the great number of zombies I produced, I cannot think it strange that the son of someone that pursued me to such ends would be killed by one of them.-So perhaps there won't be anything to be concerned about in regards to any further descendants.

And they may not necessarily have the mettle that Jonathan had.— They may be surprisingly spoiled by this peaceful era, and rather cowardly.

48

But one can never be too careful.and call it bullying if you must, but I would very much like to settle things once and for all with thejoestar bloodline.

As I am still not fully accustomed to Jonathan's body, I cannot go to pursue them myself, but.but I have ordered Noriaki Kakyoin to draw blood from their corpses and bring it to me.

Their blood.

I'm certain it will be accustomed to my body.

49

Speaking of which, ah. I had planned to chronicle this in the latter

half of this notebook, but this seems like a good time to do so, therefore I shall

write it ahead of schedule. I of course would not carelessly forget to write it, but I,

Dio, am quite familiar with the distastefulness of missing out on a good opportunity.

Just as Jonathan Joestar had a son-- and many descendants thereafter, after I, Dio, awoke from my century's long slumber and came up onto the surface,

both before and after I gained a Stand, I "made" a number of children.

Do not be alarmed. I, Dio, have children.

From among the many young women who were offered to me as "meals,"

there were some with, how should I put it... "promise," whom I impregnated.-

However, although this may sound like I am not taking proper responsibility, I do

not know anything about what happened afterward.

I am writing this as though it is an established fact that I have children,

but it is possible that those women aborted them, I cannot be sure. It is also possible that a mixed race of vampires and humans cannot be created at all, and they were miscarried. Much like my little brother or little sister.

However, that was done with my body that I had still not become adapted to, Jonathan's.— In other words, human chemistry is strong, so there is a great possibility that they will be born as "human" children.

It's likely they will be born and raised somewhere.

“Promise.” Put more clearly, malevolent strength.— The more evil the woman, the more filled with wickedness she is, the better a mother she will become.

Cross, short tempered, and fertile.

With no refinement, a foul mouth, and with no knowledge of manners.

The more like that the woman is-- the better she is.

That is what I believed.

50

In other words, the more she was the exact opposite of my mother, the better mother she would be.— That was how I thought.

That a mother was better off not as a holy woman, but as a wicked one.

Therefore I chose that kind of woman to be the ones to mother my children. When such women were presented to me, I did not eat them. I did not suck their blood or brainwash them; I let them go.

Of course, the feelings of wanting children, of wanting a family and such things-- Family-oriented feelings are something that I have none of whatsoever.

After growing up in that cesspool of a household, I would of course have no such feelings-- I only did this because it was necessary. I merely "created" them.

It was a measure taken for the purpose of going to heaven.— My children.

This is something regarding events some decades in the future, though for me a few decades is not all that long a period of time. I am certain that those children spread all over the world will lead me to heaven.

What I am concerned about, what I am worried about, is that they did not only inherit my blood, but Jonathan's blood as well.— Whose blood turns out to be more prevalent is sure to alter how things play out.

Father disliked nobles. Father hated nobles. One could say he loathed them.— No, you would be wrong if you said he didn't loathethem.

He truly detested them.

Yes. For my father, nobles were an evil that should be hated.— The idea of my father recognizing something else as evil seems utterly laughable, but on that subject, that man was the picture of seriousness.

For that prodigal father of mine, they were the only thing in his life he dealt with seriously. But you could also put it as he hated nobles.

He would yell about how they were all snooty and self-important and how the reason our life was so awful was because of them. How because they exploited us, because they "took" from us, that we were so poor.-- He honestly did say it quite often.

But because I grew up with such a father, I took in those "teachings" of his. So not surprisingly, I did not have a good impression of the Joestar family from the outset.

Nobles were people despised even by that father of mine.

They couldn't be very great people, I thought.

And when I met the heir to the Joestar name, the son, Jonathan Joestar, I became confident in those thoughts.

Unshakably confident.

"So, you're Dio Brando?"

When I saw him saying that with a smile on his face, I knew in an instant.

Intuitively, I knew.

That I was right.

That this boy-- was an "inheritor."

He was neither a "giver" nor a "receiver."

An "inheritor"— I immediately became enraged.

No, not enraged. I became infuriated.

52

I truly felt like I was boiling with rage.

Of course, at this point I was already devising a means to usurp the Joestar Family's fortune. But I was planning to stay quiet and maintain a wait-

and-see attitude. Jonathan Joestar was nothing more than prey to me.

Meaning

that I had no expectations for that person. And I at least had no intention to act

against him in any way.

Towards both Lord Joestar and his son, Jonathan Joestar, I intended to be a well-mannered, obedient young man.— There is little use in discussing intended plans from so long, over a hundred years, ago. But if they had succeeded, my plan of usurping the Joestar Family's fortune would have perhaps succeeded.

That perfect crime may have been realized perfectly.

No— It is sure to have succeeded.

But I was not able to do that.

I succumbed to emotion. And in line with those passionate emotions, I took them out on Jonathan's pet dog — I believe his name was Danny — kicking him hard.

I had intended to kill him then and there -- and later I truly did kill that dog -- but I kicked him very, very hard.

In response to my actions, Jonathan became enraged and yelled. But in my mind, I wanted to become enraged and yell.

He said he wouldn't forgive me, but I could not forgive him.

Yes. I could not forgive him.

I could not forgive his smile.

I could not forgive him for approaching me.

I could not forgive his cheerfulness.

I could not forgive his friendly attitude.

I could not forgive such a spoiled, rich child who never knew suffering in his life; that a man like this existed in this world.

He did not even give away the things he had.

He would just inherit things without taking them from anyone. And that, I could not forgive from the bottom of my heart.

I felt that I had to beat him; I had to make him feel pain.

I felt strongly that my mission was to crush his head under my foot.

Though I had no desire to understand my father's feelings, at that moment I felt that I truly understood his hatred for nobles.

Thejoestar Family heir, Jonathan Joestar— I decided I would emotionally corner him.

That was of course for the purpose of inheriting thejoestar Family fortune, but thinking about it now, I think I had many reasons besides that.

I made the decision.

To take everything away from him, the inheritor.

54

My writing has gotten a bit emotional, so even though I am writing this on the same day as the previous entry, I will shift to a new page here.

Even now that over one hundred years have passed, it seems surprising for my anger not to have awakened that day.

Though thinking back, one could say that on that day one hundred years ago, my determination was, in a way, still developing.-- At any rate, I

successfully "took" this body from none other than him.

I had failed in capturing the Joestar family's fortune, but "took" something even greater than that from Jonathan.

Jonathan Joestar's life.

You could say I took everything from him.

My goal had been fulfilled.

I accomplished it.

But in that situation, I had not felt no sensation that I had succeeded—
Just like when I killed my father. I felt only a meaningless, tasteless, insipid,
feeling of despondency.

Once I've taken it, I start to think, "Why did I want this?"

I feel I could say that about anything.

Sometimes I may be prone to putting the cart before the horse, or
perhaps my goal may be becoming the act of taking itself.

Perhaps it is because of my, and my father's, inability to tolerate others
having which we do not is how we became "takers"-- and just began to take
and
take.

That must be it.

And even if not, it does not matter.

While I didn't want to become a "giver" like my foolish mother even if it
killed me, I absolutely never wanted to become a carefree "inheritor" like
Jonathan.

Nobly and with pride, I wanted to continue being a "taker."

55

Both then, now, and in the future.

Both a century ago and a century from now.

No matter how many years pass, it will not change. That is how I feel.

.To add to that, the amount of time I exposed these true feelings of mine to Jonathan was incredibly little.

Of all things, Jonathan returned the pain I inflicted on him.

I will write about that tomorrow.

I've received a report from Noriaki Kakyoin.

It seems that he has located a descendant of the Joestar family, Jotaro Kujo.— And he will now be pursuing him.

He has also stated that as Jonathan's grandson, Joseph Joestar, is currently traveling with a fortuneteller name Muhammad Avdol, and he has calculated to target the grandson first.

Muhammad Avdol.

He is a Stand User that I personally made direct contact with previously.-
-A man with boundless ability, one I wanted nothing more than to adopt as a subordinate. But he fled instantly, and so I

was unable to control him with a "flesh bud."

I thought it odd that he shifted to fleeing so swiftly, but now I see. So he had heard about me from Jonathan's grandson.?

His "flame" stand may have been needed in order to "go to heaven," so I very much wanted to make him a subordinate.

But now that he has taken this form, I have no choice but to give up on that goal.

A pity.

56

There has been a change of plans.

Or rather, I have no choice but to change them.

I have learned that Noriaki Kakyoin failed.

And he did not only fail— He did not only fail.

If he "only" failed, then I doubt I would be this surprised. Stand battles

have what one would call affinities. His "Hierophant Green" is a powerful Stand, but it is not invincible as my "The World" Stand is. Also, his Stand Power was weakened somewhat by the "flesh buds."—From the start, there was always a possibility that he could lose to that Jotaro Kujo or whatever's Stand ability.

However, the cause of my frustration is what came after he lost.— Not only did Jotaro Kujo not kill Noriaki Kakyoin, he went so far as to put his own life in danger in order to remove the "flesh bud" I planted in Kakyoin's brain.— A difficult story to believe.

No.

Perhaps I should say there's no reason to doubt it.

Such an act is truly the like of the Jonathan Joestar I know.

In other words— something he inherited.

Even after a century has passed, it has still carried on— the strong will, the mettle, and the formidable explosive power of the Joestar family exists even now.

I wish they had been cowardly.

No matter how powerful the Stand abilities they gained were, if they had not inherited Jonathan's will— I may have had the choice to simply let them be.

But now, that is no longer an option.

Perhaps it is fate...? Then let it be so.

I will betaking it.

I will have them be my cornerstone for going to heaven.

57

I exhausted every means in order to break Jonathan's heart.— Thinking back on it now, it was all rather cute insidious bullying, but it was between fellow children that were stuck within the bounds of children's society. So that much was plenty.

Jonathan would cry himself to sleep every night.

That whiny attitude only irritated me further.— That was all it took.

From things like skipping meals, getting yelled at by Father, losing friends, his heart would completely break apart.—That utter lack of resistance was truly unforgivable.

A heart like that would collapse in one night of living in the city I grew up in. No, he might not even make it one hour.

It is plain to see how spoiled he's been thus far in life, and he was at the height of discomfort-I would have to push this man much, much more, I thought. But...

As I have mentioned, this period of me tormenting Jonathan was not very long. In order to crush his heart, as one of the means of doing so, I got my

hands on his woman.— That was a failure.

Jonathan was a man that would not resist no matter how oppressed he was himself. But he the type where for others, especially for those who were important to him, he would explode.

I made light of that explosiveness.

And I was blown into a wall.

In an honest fist fight with Jonathan, I lost.— I will swallow my pride here and admit openly that when that happened, I cried.

Not performance tears, like at my father's funeral, but real tears.

And not from the pain of being hit.

From the frustration, sadness, and the utter misery of it, I cried.— Up to that point, I had planned to overwhelmingly stand above Jonathan. And at that point, I learned that that was only an illusion.

58

I knew it was really no different from my father beating my mother or me until he was satisfied, but I cried.

After that, I halted my attack on Jonathan.— Even in front of him, I would don the "good boy" mask like I did with Lord Joestar.

But I did not forget.

The humiliation I felt on that day, not for seven years.

And even now, after over one hundred years have passed, I have not forgotten.

59

Regardless, Jonathan's woman-- the daughter of a doctor, Erina Pendolton, was a bizarre woman. No, perhaps the word bizarre isn't quite right.

That may be emotional, unfair disparagement.

But she was an odd woman.

If it were not for her, thejoestar bloodline surely would not have continued to the present. Far from it, I would likely have been utterly successful in my plan of crushingjonathan's heart.

I may not have become immortal and have eternal youth, but as the next head of thejoestar Family, I believe I would have lived a heavenly life.

I'd have lived like I was in heaven.

I would have been happy.

I could have taken back that life— the life that was always being taken away from me.

Soon after Jonathan had made me cry-- after thinking over my own quick temper, I thought to go see what she was up to.

I was not thinking of apologizing.

I would never do such a thing.

I had simply become interested in her.—Having had her lips taken by me, but then regaining her pride by washing her lips in muddy water, she piqued my interest. I was interested in how she "regained" something that was "taken" from her.

As someone who would unhesitatingly commit such a foolish act befitting of my mother-- I was not thinking of how to meet her, far from it, I intended to observe her from afar.

But even that was not granted to me.

Due to the circumstances regarding her parent's work or some such thing, the girl disappeared from our town.-- The circumstances of her parent's work? Such a thing sounds awfully convenient.

60

Now that one hundred years have passed, I have no means of confirming such a thing, but I have thought that the cause of the Pendolton family's moving was perhaps because I laid my hands on her. —To take such extreme measures, I thought perhaps was to protect their pride, or perhaps it was an attempt to protect Jonathan Joestar.

No, the real reason she moved probably was simply having to do with

her parent's jobs, wasn't it?— I doubt such a noble, proud woman exists. It is not suspicion; rather it is a high opinion I hold of her.

But when I think back to that girl and the honest life she lived, I can't help but sense the hands of fate.

Mother.

Erina Pendolton.

It seems it is always holy women that interfere in my life.

Holy women hinder me.

So that one with a holy woman's name, Holly Kujo or whatever— I'm sure she will interfere with my life as well.

61

From consulting with the D'Arby Brothers regarding "souls," I have just learned that my hypothesis was correct.

There is no point in doubting it.

As I suspected, what is most critical are "souls."

And that is not limited to human "souls."— It is all of the souls that exist on the Earth. Including animals, plants, fish, and insects.

This is a good opportunity, so I will summarize that here.

Just how the ratio of sea to land on this Earth is set at 7:3, so precise is the number of souls of living creatures.

To put it simply, if you were to suppose that the more the Earth's human population increases, then an equal amount of creatures of other species would be wiped out. As in, the total number of souls always stays at a constant.-- It is a bit different from the law of conservation of matter, but one could consider it to be similar.

But those "souls."

If there is a way for a single human to have "several," or "several thousand" or if there is a "way to own them," then-- what is that human in the end looking at?

Just as one Stand can exist for each person, there is one soul per person.-
— But I have this historical precedent of having both "The World" and "Hermit Purple," two stands.

That is because I took over Jonathan's body, but... Using the same sort of method, it is possible to take over not only a body, but also a soul.

The younger D'Arby brother makes a hobby of sealing the souls he's stolen inside puppets— Although one cannot really call it a very good hobby, I wonder what would happen if one were to use humans in place of the dolls? Just what would occur if different souls were placed in different human bodies?-- If it goes according to how I expect, then I could say my preparations are complete.

However, due to reasons I will not explain here, it is difficult for the younger D'Arby brother to perform such an experiment... Because placing souls in dolls is a hobby, so to warp that would likely not be an easy matter.

Seeing as that ability is only due to his hobbies.

But if I am to talk openly about him, he is still immature-- As is the older D'Arby brother.

Now then, is there some alternative?

I know.

I have come up with something as my pen has been moving-- Yes, with his Stand, such an experiment may be possible.

Enrico Pucci.

Someone I met when I visited the United States of America. If I were to use his Stand Ability—

I planned to go to America in order to meet Pucci, but in the end I did not go.-- That is because there has been some movement in that island nation in the

far East.

According to a report by Nijimura, the one I sent to investigate, a member of the Joestar Bloodline, Holly Kujo has broken into a fever and collapsed.

They called it a Stand Fever.

This is somewhat difficult to comprehend, but it seems that there are cases where a Stand can cause harmful effects to its master.— From the effects of Jonathan Joestar's body, her ancestor, she has become a Stand User.

Something normally positive. But this Stand is actually tormenting her body, it seems.

A Stand is controlled by the strength of one's spirit— the "soul." It is something controlled by one's fighting instinct. But on the other hand, a human with a peaceful personality would not be able to control it— That is all you need to understand, I suppose.

So it seems that Holly Kujo has the sort of personality I thought she had.— She is a holy woman. And as I predicted, by her collapsing so ostentatiously she has hindered me.

Without a doubt, her father Joseph Joestar and her son Jotaro Kujo will come hereto Egypt to defeat me in order to free her of her Stand curse.

I thought that with my "goal" unclear, with it not conveyed through spirit photography, they would not make a move so easily. But it seems with a relative's—with the life of someone important to them—in danger, they've recklessly decided to venture this way.

As a result, the one who cannot act carelessly is me.--I may be immortal and possessing of a mighty Stand, but to my regret I am still not accustomed to my body. And what's more, I have that fatal weak point of the sun.

64

If I were to be attacked alone during the daytime, I would be helpless.

Nevertheless, I do not intend to give up on my search for the "way to get to heaven."— Perhaps for Jonathan Joestar himself, but I do not intend to delay my plans for his descendants.

I suppose there is no choice.

I will call Pucci on the telephone and have him come hereto Egypt. I have already had him come several times, so I will probably not even have to send someone to welcome him.— Perhaps the ones I should rather send a welcome to are the Joestars' group.

I must spare no expense in offering them a warm welcome.

Perhaps the appropriate Stand User to send would be that man—"Tower of Gray."

Destruction and disaster.

And a Stand that symbolizes an interrupted journey.

The next seven years I spent at the Joestar household—in other words, the seven years until my plan was detected were of course not enjoyable ones.

Though it was not difficult to don the mask of an excelling student—Fooling Lord Joestar, Jonathan, the servants and school friends was an easy task

for me after having survived that cutthroat city. Of course, after that first conflict

with Jonathan, he always held some misgivings about me for the next seven

years. But as those never left the realm of mere misgivings, I was able to make

him trust me. Far from it, Jonathan seemed to feel ashamed of himself for doubting me. How humorous.

So what was less fun was with the Joestar family-- as well as school and relations with other humans, things were too bland.

It was too lukewarm.

It was a life with no stimulation.

If I am permitted to exaggerate a bit, I felt like I would nearly go insane.—

- Of course, things being bland would be convenient for me, but beyond that first

glimpse Jonathan got of my true self, they were all so easy to fool, I felt no resistance at all.

For someone who looked upon nobles with hostility such as myself, that lack of resistance felt much like swiping at the air. Far from it, I felt like I may have made some grave, irreversible mistake.

Weren't nobles supposed to be great enemies to me? So why did things feel so-- lukewarm?

Was I doing something completely useless right now? "Am I wasting my time?" I thought.

As I was not yet immortal at the time, the idea that I was "wasting time" made me feel like I was in a living hell.

Sometimes I was even captured with the idea of simply letting go, letting my emotions explode and making enemies of everyone around me.-- I think

66

somewhere deep down, I had desired that heat I felt from when Jonathan and I hit each other in the hall.

Well, all I can call that was emotion brought on by youth. As it played out, I spent seven years never revealing my true emotions, wearing the mask of the good student, and keeping my head down.

But after those seven years were up, my plans were divulged to Jonathan, and so there was no value in enduring that blandness at all.

There is little point in writing out the long details of a failed plan, but

nevertheless, to omit it completely would defeat the purpose of writing this record. So I will remark on it briefly.

First, I become an adopted child of the Joestar family.-- I legally became a member of the Joestar family.

I went from being Dio Brando to Dio Joestar— Now that I mention it, Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo, and the sickly Holly Joestar that I am now trying to intimidate are both Jonathan's descendants as well as descendants of me, Dio. In terms of both flesh and law.— Not that it makes any difference.

However, I never planned to become a member of the Joestar Family. Though I may have taken over his body, I did not become Jonathan; Jonathan became me. Therefore, I do not harbor any sort of positive sentiment towards them.

I feel no familial bonds or anything of the sort with them.

Having the Brando name—inheriting my father's name—could not have been any more unpleasant. But somehow, inheriting the Joestar name was similarly, if not more unpleasant to me.

Even after I was officially adopted, I continued to be called by the last name Brando at school. But the reason I didn't correct them was because I didn't have much of a fixation with the Joestar name.— I was fine as long as that was my officially registered name.

In order to usurp Lord Joestar's assets, that is.

There was a need to officially become his adopted son.-- Regardless of how contented I was to be the "son of a man whom the family was indebted and were now looking after," I would never be able to "take" his fortune.

I had to call him "Father."

Of course, I did call him that. But I did not love Georgejoestar as a father. Dario Brando was a hopeless low-life of a man with no redeeming feature which I had nothing but disdain for. But Georgejoestar was a kind, sweet, gentlemanly man of great character, a man with numerous strong points, but I could feel nothing but disdain for him just the same.

I would rather call Georgejoestar my father than Dario Brando, I may have written, but I really did not like either. I begrudged both of them.

That man's good manners and behavior only made me angry.

— I think it was because even though he was already beginning to switch to the "giver side," and in the end he was like Jonathan, an "inheritor."

I did not have any expectations of some sort of change-- No, it would be more correct to say I had anxiety.

Anyhow, call it expectations or anxiety, by being raised by a nobleman named Georgejoestar at thejoestar household-- By being taken into his care, I, Dio, cannot say I never started to think I would lose the one thing I learned growing up in my hometown—my ambition.

However, that did not happen. That was only needless worrying.

In the end, I hated nobles to the very end.— Not only those of thejoestar household, but that self-important attitude, the attitude of sympathizing with

my circumstances like it was the obvious thing to do, was the most unforgivable thing in the world to me.

I felt that how my life first truly started when I killed my father-- by killing Georgejoestar, my life would move forward once again.

And so, unhesitatingly, with only the feeling that it was necessary, I decided to kill my second father.

There was both hatred and anger as well.

But I needed an excuse.

68

That was vital.

I will continue writing this tomorrow.

69

A continuation of yesterday.

Still, the reason I waited seven years to kill Georgejoestar was that I needed to be even more prudent than I was when I killed my father.--I needed

seven years to build trust and gain the right to inherit his assets before killing my

adoptive father.

However, I failed because I used the same method of killing him as I had with my father. Yes, thinking back on it now, it was really because of something that simple.

Poisoning using a secret oriental medicine.

Of course, killing him with something like a knife or a gun was out of the question. But nevertheless, I should have chosen a different method.

At a time when George Joestar was in ill health— I believe it was a simple cold— I took the place of the Joestars' 1 butler and delivered the poison I had prepared in advance to his room and had him swallow it.

My adoptive father weakened little by little.

He displayed the exact same symptoms as my biological father had.

The same symptoms— that proved problematic.

It became the impetus for Jonathan divulging my plan.

"My only worry about what happens when I die is you, my only son... Listen, Dio.

"When I die, send this letter and go to this person's address!

"This guy owes me. I'm sure he'll look after you."

He seemed to have quite a tendency for holding onto things. George

Joestar had stored the letter my father had written and I had sent for seven years.

— Perhaps he considered it a courtesy towards the man he owed.

No, no, that's not it.

Lord Joestar knew that he never owed anything to Dario Brando in the first place.... And that Dario Brando was merely a thief.

70

He knew I was not the son of someone he owed a debt to, but rather

the son of a thief.— But nevertheless, he took me in. Those "givers" truly act strangely.

I'm sure that if my mother were a noble, she would have done the same thing.— And when I think of that, it fills me with rage.

But I digress. Essentially, the reason George Joestar held onto the letter from Dario Brando was not because he felt he owed something to him, but because he merely did not discard private communications. It was only a habit of his as a gentleman.

But seeing as his mansion was so huge, such things were easily possible.

It had already been sealed at the point I sent it, so I had not read the contents of the letter, but I never imagined my father would have written the symptoms of his illness in the letter.

This is what the letter said:

"Right now... I am ill.

"I know I probably don't have a long time to live.

"I don't know what the illness is, but I have non-stop 'heart pain,' 'swollen fingers,' and a 'cough.'

"When I die, would you please take in my son, Dio?

"Unlike me, he is an excellent boy. I'm sure he won't cause any trouble for you." —Well, the latter half is really nothing but pointless nonsense.

The important point is the former half where he describes his symptoms which were exactly the same as Lord Joestar's.— Of course, it was the same poison being fed to him by the same person, so it would have been strange if the symptoms were different.

Jonathan found this letter by pure coincidence.

From what I heard, it was while he was studying the stone mask. One could perhaps make the supposition that the stone mask has its own will and purposefully exposed my plan.-- Perhaps the stone mask itself sought me so it could make me a vampire afterwards.

71

.No, whatever the circumstances, that is perhaps trying to look too

deeply into things. That mask is just an object; it most likely doesn't have a will or any such thing.

What happened was just due to my own clumsiness.

However, even if I recognize my own actions as clumsy, Jonathan had remarkably great distrust of me.

So what if my father and adoptive father had the same symptoms...? Maybe that's just how things happened to be?

Later he actually caught me switching Father's medicine with poison, but before that point he already had firm suspicion towards me.

Meaning that my actions seven years previous that I had done soon after arriving at the mansion. My antagonizing of him, my actions towards Erina as well as towards his hound, Danny, had never left him. They likely smoldered inside him for those many years.

Ostensibly, Jonathan and I were both friends and family, but no friendship or familial love ever truly existed.

He held nothing but suspicion for me.

It was a tremendous blunder to be get so overcome with emotion as to act aggressively towards Jonathan seven years earlier.-- If I had not done that, given Jonathan's carefree and peaceful character, I could have easily slipped through his gaze.

Jonathan was the type of person that grows the more he is beaten down, and I carelessly beat him too hard.

.But even after taking that into consideration, even taking into

account my mistakes and Jonathan's growth, what I resent the most is actually

neither of those, but actually none other than my father.

That goddamned father of mine...

He left me absolutely nothing— and it seemed that even after death, he still hindered me. Even now that over one hundred years have passed, I still don't understand my father's aim. Why was there any need of writing his symptoms in that letter...?

72

You could even feel spite in that writing.

"You are my son after all."

It felt like that's what he was telling me. A whispering so close to my ear I could feel his breath on it, my brain felt like it was going to rot. It pierced into my brain even deeper than the spikes of the stone mask that would later physically stab my brain.

"Dio! As a gentleman, swear your innocence on the honor of your birth father, Mr. Brando!"

When Jonathan said those words to me, I was enraged— Another blunder.

I should have just assented the same way I had deceived those around me for the past seven years. If I'd only done that, I'm sure it would have been enough to satisfy him. So why did I— No, have to say I feel no regret about that point.

My father's honor?

There was no such thing.

How was I to swear on something that didn't exist?-- Just because he had an honorable father doesn't mean there aren't men that say horrible things.

That's a result of his intentions of being a gentleman.

73

It seems "Tower of Gray" has failed.

With the exception of my "The World" once its ability has been activated, the fastest Stand in history, "Tower of Gray" has been defeated. This is an alarming situation.

This is beyond my wildest imagining.

However, "Tower of Gray" was apparently able to crash the plane the Joestar group was on board of, so one could make the argument that he was half successful or more in his mission.

Though I cannot deny my surprise in their survival despite undergoing

an attack from "Tower of Gray" and their plane crashing. Though knowing the Joestar family's character of dislike of getting innocent bystanders involved, I doubt they will use an airplane again.— They will likely stick to land or sea routes.

This should give me time. Time to find the "way to go to heaven."

Pucci should be arriving in Egypt momentarily.-- In the meantime, I will send another assassin to target the Joestar group.

In addition to Jean Pierre Polnareff— The user of the Stand "Silver Chariot," which I have already dispatched, I have decided to send "Dark Blue Moon" for when they use a sea route. That should nip any buds of worry.

If by some minute chance they are defeated as well, I will likely have no choice but to go myself.

Setting aside "buds of worry," I am astonished by Noriaki Kakyoin's Stand Power after being released from the "flesh bud." My reason for this is that I

was told it was he that defeated "Tower of Gray." When he was in my hands,

when he was my subordinate, he could never have performed such a feat.

This is a remarkable phenomenon.

It may be different for ordinary humans, but when I use the "flesh buds" to make a Stand User a subordinate of me, Dio, they become structurally unsound. That is the only explanation I can come to. Spiritually weak creatures

are weak even as Stand Users. As "flesh buds" interfere with the spirit and weaken the ego, they are ill-suited to Stand Users.

It will be difficult to make good people into my subordinates.

I suppose I must use "evil."

People like N'dour— Or likejack the Ripper I used a hundred years ago.

The ones that I should make my underlings are those not restrained by the bindings of good, the simply "evil."

At the same time, that is probably connected to the assembling of 36 wicked souls.

I have met Pucci.

As to keep Enya the Hag or the D'Arby Brothers from realizing, we met outside the mansion. At a separate hideout.— I unfortunately did not gain very favorable answers regarding the questions I wanted to ask him.

The Stand ability that awakened in him by the "Bow and Arrow," a Stand

called "White Snake," is distantly the most unique Stand of all the ones I know of.

A miraculous Stand ability that can remove the memories and Stand of its target— It would be difficult to justify calling it suited to battle, but its ability to manipulate "souls" is not unfavorable even compared to the D'Arby brothers'.

It is a fantastically useful Stand.

Yes. Memories and Stands.

As they have always been divided, I, Dio, had never thought about it this much before. But if those two parts are put together, one could call it a complete "soul."

In that case, Pucci's Stand may be even more suited to "going to heaven" than the D'Arby Brothers' which first require winning a game before a "soul" can be extracted.

I questioned him.

I asked him this:

"What would happen if you placed the memories and Stand you remove from a target into another human?"

This question was essentially asking if it was generally possible for one human to possess two memories and two stands. Unlike I, Dio, who physically have the bodies of two people so I also have two Stands.

His response was,

"That is indeed possible, Dio."

Of course, as the master of the Stand, Pucci is able to read the memories he extracts. But if he "inserts" the extracted memories, anyone will become able to "read" those memories, it seems.

76

And the same is true regarding the Stand.

Of course, they won't be able to handle the same way the original body did, but if a Stand is "inserted" using "White Snake's" ability, then whether it be an ordinary person or a Stand user, they will be able to use the Stand that has been "inserted" into them.

That was good news for me. It was good because the answers I received from the question I asked cautiously were about the best I could have hoped for.

If one is able to possess several memories and Stands, they should then also be able to possess several souls.— My heart leapt.

But Pucci continued.

"But Dio," he said.

"Even that has a limit.— On a fundamental level, you can only insert 'one disk.' And even if you tried to force more, the most you could do is five.

—
Though I don't know why you're asking about it..."

Five disks.

Five people's worth.

That's not enough.

Unless I can pack 36 souls into one body-- the door to heaven will be remain closed. As I had rashly started to expect that Pucci's Stand would be perfect for my objective, as if made for it specifically, that gave me a feeling of great disappointment.

But I did gain something.

As a matter of fact, that was the reason I originally wanted to meet with Pucci. He may qualify.

Qualify to put the "method for going to heaven" I am concocting into practice.

The qualifications for going to heaven— He may have them.

"I like humans who make themselves grow. You are a king among kings. Where are you going? I want to go with you. I love you as I love God."

I remember such words from Pucci.

He will undoubtedly become a noble clergyman.

But perhaps Pucci will not be the one accompanying, but me.— I will accompany him when he goes to heaven.

78

Careless. I, Dio, should have known better.

I realized it after Pucci went back to America.-- While it may be impossible to cram many "souls"-- memories and Stands, beyond one or two, into one human body, upon reflection I realized that I, Dio, am not a human.

I rejected my humanity one hundred years ago.

I donned the stone mask and stopped being human.

The bone needles that sprung from that mask "push on the brain" and give one a strong body incomparable to that of a "human's."

So perhaps I would still be all right no matter how many of "White Snake's" "disks" were inserted into me? I am sure I could endure much more than a human at any rate.

If only I had thought of it yesterday, I could have tested it.Or perhaps

it would be too dangerous?

I still haven't fully adapted to my body.

There is too much of Jonathan in it— too much "human."

If I were to perform such an experiment, it would have to be later.— If I

drank a young woman's blood, or perhaps a member of thejoestar family's blood, then I would fully adapt to Jonathan's body. It is after that when I should perform the experiment.

If I still had the stone mask, I could create new vampires and use them as test subjects, but it seems that no more stone masks exist anymore.

Perhaps if I searched the whole world I may find one, but as of now I do not know whereto find one.

Zombies would not work.

While they may be immortal and ageless as vampires are, at the moment someone becomes a zombie, they become like a corpse, lacking any "soul." That would make the whole experiment pointless.No.

Perhaps because they would be corpses without souls, doing such an experiment actually would have empirical value.Since I have awoken from

79

my century long sleep, it has been quite some time without making any zombies.

Perhaps I will make one or two for a test.

Regardless, I must contact Pucci again.

I have known him for several years now, but he may be my "yet-unfound friend."

80

I have learned that "Silver Chariot" and "Dark Blue Moon" have been defeated by their intended victims.-- And what's more, "Silver Chariot's" master,

Jean Pierre Polnareff, a Stand user whom has been controlled by a "flesh bud,"

has had the bud removed by Kujo Jotaro's Stand "Star Platinum," much like the case earlier, and he has joined their cause.

Following Noriaki Kakyoin, I have lost another valuable Stand user to

my enemy. With a "flesh bud" removed, it is to be expected that someone

would lose their loyalty to me, Dio. But why, for what possible reason, would they

then join the Joestar's group?

Especially Polnareff.

If all he wants is to avenge his little sister, doing so would be far easier as my subordinate than by joining them.

Perhaps he bears a grudge for being manipulated?

Is he perhaps driven by emotion caused by my trampling on his character and his human rights?

If that is the case, that is all the more reason to refrain from using the "flesh buds" in the future.

I cannot do anything about the ones I have already used. They were

an ability originally developed for the sake of controlling people, so I never even thought about making a way to cancel their effect, and therefore one was never created.

Regardless, I cannot allow the number of my subordinates to be reduced any further.-- I cannot lose any more of these Stand users I gathered in for the purpose of "going to heaven." I may not be fully adapted to my body yet, but now that it has come to this, I can no longer argue the matter.

Therefore, I have made the decision to personally go eradicate the Joestars.

I had, but I must now regrettably report that due to Enya the Hag's impertinence, that is no longer an option.

"You intend to go yourself just because they are a bit more formidable than we anticipated, Lord Dio?"

"Ridiculous! You must not carry out such an absurd act!"

She's always saying such things. And Enya the Hag has now told me that she has sent seven Stand users to assassinate the Joestar group.

Though I could not directly condemn her for her rashness.

I did not want to reveal my "goal" to that old woman.-- As I expect she would react similarly, calling it something I "must not do."

But now I have a dilemma.

Fortunately, the Stand users that Enya sent were not the types that were controlled by "flesh buds"-- So even if they are defeated, they will likely betray me.

And if they are indeed able to get rid of the Joestar group, that would be favorable as well. Or rather, that would be the most favorable result. I have no desire for the "thrill" of doing the deed myself.

Right now, there has been nothing of inconvenience.

Excluding the possibility that Enya is starting to read my movements— Nothing of any inconvenience is happening.

I got in contact with Pucci immediately after he safely arrived in America. It doesn't seem like I will be able to go anywhere, so I've asked him to come again as soon as it is convenient.-- The world has gotten considerably smaller than it was one hundred years ago, but a journey from America to Egypt is still not an easy journey for a human.

But without a single face of displeasure (voice of displeasure?), he agreed without hesitation. Hearing his response, I feel I was right.

"He is the one."

Is the feeling I get. In fact, it seems odd that I never thought of it

before. Perhaps I've become more careful towards friendship since the circumstances when I called Jonathan my friend one hundred years ago.

But it is best to keep a cool head. Being careful is just the right thing to do.

I truly think so. So I told him that.-- That there is no need to rush. I don't intend to interfere with Pucci's faith. I want him to be deeply religious. As long as he doesn't become foolish like my mother.

I'm already going to pass him my "bone."

When necessity arises, it will allow him to wield great power.

What is the difference between humans and animals?

Both have "souls."

Both have intelligence and technology.— What is something only humans have? And furthermore, something that makes a human, human?

Things like biological classification are actually just things scholars decide on their own. They don't have all that much meaning.-- They make their knowing faces and just categorize things however they like, and then when a creature that doesn't fit in any one category comes along, they tear their hair out.

So in the end, no matter how they are categorized, that category will soon collapse.— Perhaps it is not a question of humans and animals, but every creature-- are all the same thing.

That is what I talked about.

On the phone yesterday, I just happened to, without any real reason at all, I brought up that subject.

When I mentioned it, Pucci-- Enrico Pucci, said this:

"I think that the difference that makes one a human is the 'desire to go to heaven', Dio.

"All humans think that.

"Animals do not have that concept.-- Humans should live their lives in order to go to 'heaven'. That is what makes humans remarkable, Dio."

Let me first say, I had not touched upon the subject of "heaven" with him yet.— He spoke those words to me without any prompting, as if they it were automatic.

It may be a bit forced to take that as an "implication." But still, if there is a hint there, I must make an approach.

Gravity.

If there is an attractive force at work between people-- just what kind of force is pulling between Enrico Pucci and I?

84

Perhaps there is a strong fated connection between Enrico Pucci and I like the one between the Joestar family and I?

I am certain that he will become my guide to heaven.

The next time I meet him, I will share several of my subordinates'

Stand with him. Just to be sure.

No, perhaps it would be better to call it the right person for the right job.

Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo, as well as Avdol, Kakyoin, and

Polnareff are all simply "not to be taken lightly." I do not consider them a threat, but I have also lost three times to an opponent I thought that of before, the weak man Jonathan Joestar.

The first time, I was hit.

The second time, I was burned and impaled.

The third time, I was also burned and impaled.

But the fourth time— Was a draw due to injury of one fighter.

I have to admit that.

In the end, I have not currently had one victory against the Joestar bloodline.-- I had nothing but straight losses against Jonathan Joestar. Therefore, I must prepare for the worst case scenario.

85

This may have no direct connection with the method for going to heaven, but I think there is a need to record some details about the stone mask around this point.

I don't know how much the person reading this-- and as of now, I think there is a high probability that that is Enrico Pucci— has previous knowledge of this, so this story may be difficult to understand.

The stone mask is the theme of Jonathan Joestar's research.— He had planned to use his thesis as a basis for entering the world of archaeology.

Though even after sneaking looks at his documents, I did not learn any detailed information on the origins of that mask. But I will record everything I know here.

It is an ancient artifact of the people of the sun, the Aztecs.

A kingdom in the high planes of central Mexico from the 12th to 16th centuries.— A wonder passed down from that kingdom was the "stone mask."

However, while it was "passed down" by them, it seems it was not a treasure that they created.— A clear indication of that is their civilization was wiped out without them ever fully learning to handle the mask.

Then the mask was all that was left.

This is purely hearsay, but it seems that the ones that originally unearthed the stone mask was Jonathan Joestar's master, Zeppeli, William A. Zeppeli's party.

Whether it's Zeppeli's party or the treasure hunters that rescued me from the bottom of the sea, those that seek treasure have a strong tendency to find quite incredible things.-- Perhaps one could call that gravity as well?

So perhaps rather than saying they found those things, one should say they were drawn to them— and such.

I actually heard that Zeppeli's party, due to the power of the mask and their own stupidity, were entirely wiped out with the exception of Zeppeli himself. — And when that happened, the stone mask was lost, as well.

It also seems that they were at sea when they were wiped out, so one would normally think that the stone mask would sink to the bottom of the sea, but by some twist of fate-- Perhaps by drifting on some sort of channel, it once again appeared in the annals of history.

This time without such a long pause.

It was quite soon after that-- Jonathan Joestar's mother was on a trip to London and bought it from an art dealer.

Jonathan Joestar's mother.

I was told she died in an accident on her way home from a trip.— And that is when my father came to their "rescue."-- So of course, I never met the woman, but I heard that when the accident occurred, she was embracing Jonathan as if to protect him, so I think I can infer what her personality was like.

She was surely noble and proud.

Probably a mother that was like a saint.

Probably a mother like my own.

.Well, she did also take an interest in and buy that eerie mask, so she certainly was not an ordinary woman.

If she had not lose her life in that accident— And were she still alive when I was taken into the Joestar family, and she had become my adoptive mother, then my life may have become something very different.-- It is a bit interesting to think about such things.

As she was surely similar to my mother, I wonder how she would have raised such a bad child as I was.— Though she would just have ended up being killed by me, just like George Joestar.

While I'm on that note, it seems that George Joestar hung that stone mask on his wall for quite sometime as a memento of his wife, as an alternative to a photograph. Though when Jonathan said he was going to be using it for research and half made it his, George Joestar didn't seem very reproachful about it.

So he couldn't have been all that attached to it.

87

Though I don't think he didn't have an attachment to the memories of his beloved wife— When that happened, Jonathan just "inherited" it from Lord Joestar.

An "inheritor."

Jonathan Joestar.

.And because I, Dio, "took" that stone mask from him, the world

became much better. To a ridiculous degree.

As if guided by gravity, that stone mask that had been buried in Mexico made its way to me.

Looking at it this way, I have a hunch that the Joestar wife dying in the carriage accident was also possibly something caused by the stone mask. It's quite an odd thing.

I think this is a good place to stop.

I will continue writing about this tomorrow.

88

Yesterday, I was writing about the origins of the stone mask, so today I will write about its bizarre structure.

Though the structure isn't really complex enough to merit an in-depth explanation.— Far from it, it is actually supremely simple.

When human blood is splashed on the stone mask, there are "needles" that sprout out from the inside of it— Jonathan called them "bone needles" in his documentation. I think that's a good way to express it.— They spring out and pierce the head of the mask's wearer.

Though they don't just stab them. Those "needles" reach deep into the person's brain.

In simple terms, that is all there is to the stone mask's system.-- And that is as far into detail as Jonathan's notes extend.

Jonathan didn't know about anything past that— Of course, the only way to verify what this "stone mask" possesses is through human experimentation. But Jonathan isn't the type of person that could perform tests on humans.— And because of that, Jonathan's research came to a standstill there.

There was some Aztec writing on the inside of the stone mask, so it seems like he approached the problem by trying to decipher that, but that doesn't seem to have yielded any good results.

But, albeit by accident, I, Dio, performed the human experimentation that Jonathan could not and learned the true worth of the stone mask.

I am a bit hurried today.

I will continue this tomorrow.

89

Sometime has opened up for me to continue my notes.

As expected, which is one way of putting it, Enya the Hag's mood has deteriorated. But as I feared, the seven Stand user assassins she sent are being defeated by the Joestar group one after another.

"Strength."

"Ebony Devil."

"Yellow Temperance."

These three have been driven to an irrecoverable state.

Things have gotten worrisome. For the "36" souls of sinners I need in

order to go to heaven, men that lack a moral conscience like "Ebony Devil" or

"Yellow Temperance" are considerably valuable in this era. And the non-human

Stand user-- In other words, the orangutan Stand user that was living proof that

animals also have "souls"-- "Strength," the fact that he was defeated is a large detriment to my plans.

Nevertheless, for the sake of this plan that I have been enacting in secrecy, I could not do something to arouse suspicion like calling "Strength" back

in front of Enya.

Of course, this is nothing truly devastating.

It is very possible to recover.

As long as I have the "Bow and Arrow," it will be possible to find countless more animal Stand users, isn't it?

According to rumor, the "sand" Stand user-- The one which represents

the tarot card "The Fool" is a "dog" Stand user. However, it is likely impossible

to win over "The Fool" to becoming my underling. If the rumors are indeed true,

Avdol of the Joestar group has long been in contact with him— That is why.

It is for that reason that, as I wrote in the beginning of this entry, I have some free time.— But for now, I will push those matters of concern for later, and for review as well, I will continue on the subject of yesterday's entry.

The stone mask.

90

Regarding the structure of the stone mask-- Rereading my notes, I see I wrote that I had come about learning of the mask's true nature through an accidentally performed experiment on humans. But even learning about the "bone needles" that Jonathan talked about was somewhat of a coincidence.

This is when Jonathan had challenged me to a duel in his rage over what I did to Erina.— He hit me quite mercilessly and I vomited up blood.

That blood, by coincidence, truly by mere coincidence, splashed on the stone mask that was still hung on the wall at the time.— And then the bone needles sprung from the stone mask and it fell on the floor.

Perhaps because the amount of blood was very little, the needles quickly drew back in.— Because of that, Jonathan thought that he was the only one that witnessed the phenomenon. But I, Dio, even in that utterly miserable state where

he had made me cry, level-headedly witnessed what occurred.

I saw the something Jonathan saw.

The difference between us was that Jonathan started down the road of archaeology in order to find the cause of that phenomenon.-- While I, thinking that mechanism may someday become useful for me, kept my intentions secret.

To be writing about a plan that was never actually put into motion is kind of shameful, but I still feel like I must record it precisely.

If this notebook is being read by Enrico Pucci or by someone with a similar personality, I don't think they will scorn before it.

And if they do, that just means I didn't have a good eye for people.

To put it simply, this is what my plan was.

In order to usurp the Joestar family fortune, what I had to do was—

"What I did because it was necessary" was first kill that adoptive father of mine, that man that fancied himself a gentleman, George Joestar.

As a last resort, I chose murder by poisoning, but-- in the primary stages, I had come up of a murder using the stone mask.

I would put the stone mask on him after he went to bed, splash blood on him, activating it-- If a brain was stabbed by all those bone needles, that person should die.

At least, by normal rationale they would.

That is what I thought at the time.

If George Joestar were sent to the next life in such a way, the first one to be under suspicion would be the one who had been studying that stone mask.

—
As well as the "only" one that knew of the stone mask's mechanism, the man's son, Jonathan Joestar.

If Jonathan fell under suspicion, and a case was built against him, he would of course lose his inheritance rights to the family fortune. And then, as the only son left, I would inherit everything.-- No, then I would have succeeded in my plan to "take" it.

With this outline of events that seemed to be quite effective at first glance, at a point I was nearly convinced of using this idea. But the more I advanced in my thinking, I couldn't help but notice a large fault in this plan.

If the heir, Jonathan Joestar, would be killing the head of the family at the time, George Joestar, and he used a lethal weapon to kill him systematically, it is clear as day that the family name would suffer.

The family's work as traders would surely have been lost.

It wasn't only the Joestar family fortune I wanted—it was also their honor and renown. At the very least, I did not intend to inherit a family name with a bad reputation.

Therefore, I abandoned this plan and decided to have George Joestar die

by poison after all.— At the time, I figured the method I had most experience with would be best. I had thought something along the lines of having Jonathan meet with some accident after the excitement had cooled down.

But perhaps I really should have gone with the original plan.?

Even if it wasn't for that letter, maybe it was a bit short-sighted to be killing my adoptive father with the same method as I used with my biological father?

No, that's not right.

92

My mistake was-- Well there were several mistakes, but the largest mistake was that I never realized that it was not Georgejoestar I should have killed first, but Jonathan Joestar.

But my decision to kill Jonathan first in the end was largely made after my plan was exposed. To say so myself, it was not my best. As if I would ever really feel a sense of friendship towards him...

Anyhow.

I decided to revive a part of that plan.

Using the stone mask.

I decided to kill Jonathan Joestar.

I will continue this tomorrow. Or perhaps I will be too busy tomorrow, so the next day.

Because of thejoestars, my plan is not progressing as smoothly as I'd hoped.

93

Of the Stand users Enya the Hag sent out to thejoestar group, four remain.

"Empress."

"Wheel of Fortune."

"Hanged Man."

And "Emperor."

Setting "Empress" and "Wheel of Fortune" aside."Hanged Man's" user,

J. Geil, is Enya's son. And if I were to be so bold, his utterly wicked nature is a rare gift. "Emperor's" Hoi Horse has an airy personality that does not fall under good or evil. It doesn't seem like something that would connect to the method for going to heaven, but I have a personal attachment to him which makes him hard to let go of.

To speak openly, I do not want to lose them.

Actually, I think the chances of the Hoi Horse and J. Geil team defeating the Joestar group are quite good.

I, Dio, predict it.

I have been pondering the reason for why the assassins Enya and I have sent to kill the Joestars have been defeated themselves, and I believe the answer to be quite simple. It is merely a difference in numbers.

They are a team.

That difference would surely be an advantage in Stand battles, would it not?-- Well, this may be a bold assertion, but normally in battles between humans, difference in numbers is fundamentally vital for victory.

The problem in Stand battles is that it is difficult for fellow Stand users to form tag teams.— And the worst Stand users want to hide their Stand abilities.

I say that like it is only something other people do, but there are actually only a scant few that know of my ability "The World."

Enya the Hag, the D'Arby Brothers, and a few others. Did I tell Pucci the other day?

The reason why one would want to hide their "ability" is because any "strong points" are directly connected to "weak points."— So if you are to form a team, you must tell your teammates about that "ability," in other words, its weaknesses.

But be that as it may, no one wants to make their weak points public.

That is why most Stand users act alone.-- Even I do not know all about my subordinates' abilities.

I may have formed this organization with myself as the top, but it's likely that everyone has trump cards that they are hiding.— And as a fundamental rule, humans which have Stands will often grow arrogant with those abilities and have a tendency to look down on others.

People like in the Joestar group that are Stand users but can act in a group are extremely rare.

As far as I know, the only Stand users I have who act in teams are the brothers connected by blood, Oingo and Boingo— and that man with the rare quality among Stand users in that he does not look down on others-- the man who would rather be number two than number one, Hoi Horse.

And because of that, they are strong.

The team of Hoi Horse made with Enya's son, J. Geil, is strong.

It may be possible for them to completely eliminate the Joestar group.— Not to mention that the traitor Polnareff wants revenge on J. Geil for his sister.

In other words, there is a good possibility that Polnareff will act alone.— And if his estrangement from the others turns into a fissure in their teamwork,

possibilities open.

I am waiting for good news.

I am awaiting the delivery of Joestar blood.

95

Enya the Hag has given me a proposal for a strategy.

A strategy actually worth listening to.

"Lord Dio, my son and his friend are currently targeting the Joestars and the others— but there is also a plan I would like to enact behind the scenes.

"We may have suffered consecutive losses, but I'm certain that the assassin Stand users we've sent to them have done damage and never given them any time to relax their attention.

"Right now, they are surely doing all they can just to secure their own safety.— Which means their headquarters must be vulnerable.

"By headquarters, I mean Japan.

"Holly Kujo is currently in the care of the Speedwagon Foundation, but there are no Stand users among them.— And the only Stand user there, Holly, cannot control her Stand.

"In other words, eliminating that woman— eliminating the Joestar family's woman is possible, I believe.

"Once we've finished her off, we will air lift the body to Cairo. And if you

drink that corpse's "Joestar blood," Lord Dio— You would become adapted to Jonathan's body much faster, would you not?"

"And with their daughter and mother they were trying so hard to save is killed, then Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo will lose morale, becoming empty shells with no will to fight.— What do you think?

"I have already dispatched several Stand users there.

"All I need is your permission, Lord Dio, and we can show you the death of Holly Kujo at any time.— Please consider it."

Quite a suggestion, Enya.

A malicious and crooked suggestion that even I, Dio, would not think of.-- It is quite vexing, but I suppose you could say this is the wisdom of the elderly.

Giving me this idea, the old hag was a step or two ahead of me.

96

I may have lived for one hundred years, but that old hag is so cunning that it makes me think she may have lived for even longer than that.

A low-life father would adore.

I like that sort far more than holy women like my mother or Erina.— If she were a little, or well perhaps more than a little, if she were younger, then I would like to bear children with her for the sake of my goal of "going to heaven."

I postponed giving an answer for the moment, but to tell the truth, I actually intend to reject this suggestion.

If it goes well— And it is probable that it will go well-- it would be a magnificent plan, but if by some twist of fate things go wrong, if it does not go as planned, that would bring on very troubling circumstances.

Because I carelessly laid hands on Erina-- it became fuel to make Jonathan grow. That young master from a rich family grew enough to become able to defeat me.— So it is likely if I carelessly lay hands on this holy woman whose name is almost literally "holy," Holly Joestar, it is possible that the same thing could be brought about in Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo.

Not laying hands on holy women brings better luck.

Of course, even if I, Dio, am to partake of that blood-- I must not do so in the wrong order.

I must not repeat the same mistake.

Just as I should have killed Jonathan Joestar before killing George Joestar, I must eliminate Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo before killing Holly Kujo.

Enya is sure to be disappointed, but I will make up for that elsewhere. I now need just to wait for a report from her son.

More time has opened up, so I will continue my entry from a few days

ago.

The story of what I remember from 100 years ago.

I had decided to kill Jonathan Joestar-- The man who was raised like a brother to me in the same house, who even was legally my brother, I planned to kill using the stone mask.

The reason was that he had exposed my plan to kill George Joestar, but even if that had not happened, I would still have had to kill him eventually.

And so I just "did what was necessary."

That was it.

What was necessary.

There was no emotion in it.— There was no sort of internal human conflict. It was a few days after this when I stopped being human, but thinking back on it, I may have already stopped being human at this point.

.Or rather, was there ever really a time where I was human at all?

When living in that wretched city-- with that foolish mother and that low-life father, was there any humanity?

In that dog-eat-dog world, there was not a single human.-- I cannot very well say that my mother's behavior was human-like either.

No.

As Pucci would say, "The desire to go to heaven."

If that is what makes a human, human, then I suppose Mother was a human.— And perhaps even as a vampire with not one drop of humanity left in him, I, Dio, am also then a human?

When probing into it, it is actually quite an interesting philosophical discussion, but I will only be writing about facts here.

I will write only of the fact that I failed to kill Jonathan even with the stone mask.-- Now that I think about it, this notebook is starting to become

98

simply an analogy of my failures. But nevertheless, no matter how many times one fails, as long as one wins in the end, that is enough.

The stone mask was not a tool for murder to begin with.— With the needles flying out of it aimed at the brain when one splashes blood on it, it seemed to me originally that it could only be some sort of ancient torture device, like an iron maiden. But at the very last minute, truly the very last, the final instant, I realized that it was not.

I am glad I did not use that stone mask for the murder of George Joestar.

While Jonathan was looking for the source of the Eastern drug that I had used to kill my father and was attempting to kill my adoptive father with, venturing onto Ogre Street at risk to his life— I was wandering the city at night.

Wandering with a liquor bottle in hand.

With my plan exposed and Jonathan now en route to finding evidence of my plan, I could not help but drink.

But the more I drank, the more I lost my temper.— I lost my temper at myself for drinking just like that piece of garbage father of mine.

I felt like I was going to drown in self-loathing.

Of course, whether he was able to obtain evidence or not, I did not waver in my decision to kill Jonathan.-- I knew how unlikely it was that he would return from Ogre Street alive, but that "consolation" did not ease my mind all that much.

My plan was already in disarray.

My life was in disarray.

After seven years-- After even time than that, the future of me, Dio, was at the brink of collapse.— Knowing that, even if I did kill Jonathan with the stone mask, even if I killed him and made it looked like an accident, it felt like it wouldn't mean much of anything.

While in such a mood, I got involved with two men that were in my path. They were the type that I would normally pay no heed to whatsoever, but remembering my childhood, I was actually used to getting into a fight with such

people. So first, I tried ignoring them, but the words the men spoke made me, Dio,

enraged.

"Gyahahahaha! Hey! Ya listenin', young brat?!"

"Keh! Hobbling all over the place like that..."

"Ya should stick close ta Mommy when yer goin 1 outside!"

Mommy.

Mother-- My mother.

The moment I comprehended those words, I bashed him over the head with the liquor bottle.

... My writing has become a bit disorderly.

I will continue this tomorrow.

I will discuss the human experimentation I performed tomorrow.

100

Right now, thejoestar group is being attacked by the team of J. Geil and Hoi Horse. I still have yet to receive a report on how it went.— So with genuine pleasure, I will continue from where I left off yesterday.

They've been disrupting my plans nonstop recently.

However, thanks to that, it has become easier to remember things from

one hundred years ago— It has truly been one hundred years since I've felt such anxiety.

As someone whose feelings run high in "entanglements" between men, I beat them mercilessly. I hadn't had a fight like that since my fist fight with Jonathan seven years earlier, but techniques your body learns as a child are never forgotten, no matter how much time passes.

Be that as it may, I could not deny my disadvantage of the fight being two on one, so I had planned on first beating up the first one, then finishing off the other.

Be it a Stand battle or not, numbers means everything in a fight.— So you make a one-on-two fight into two one-on-one fights.

This is a fundamental aspect of street fighting.

And on the second man, I placed the "weapon" I had planned to use to kill Jonathan I was carrying, the stone mask.

Then, I stabbed the first man who had been cowering away with a knife, spraying the stone mask in his blood.-- If I must say, this would be my "second slice of bread," wouldn't it?

The "second slice of bread" and the "third slice of bread."

As I expected, it had a bland taste.-- If I'm to go into it, even using the knife and the stone mask to kill them rather directly-- more directly than I had with my father, I can say it did not feel any more real.

Ah, I cannot say anything could be done to change that.

In that way, I had become like my father. Even if I say that murder—that "human experimentation," was fueled by the liquor, fueled by the

101

drunkenness, there is nothing that could change it. Honestly, if I had not been drunk on that roadside, on that earthly street, I doubt I would have overtly committed murder.

But while it may have been fueled by the liquor and been an utter fluke, it was good.— If I had not committed murder there, I most likely would have placed the stone mask on Jonathan like I had originally planned.

And when I think what would have happened had I done that, I shiver.—

- No, perhaps it would be more correct to say I would shudder?

Just thinking that I, Dio, and Jonathan's fates could have been switched--

- is quite interesting.

The one who would have become an immortal vampire may have been Jonathan.— And then the one who would have become a Ripple warrior in order to exterminate him may have been me, Dio.

Intersecting fates.

Reversing fates.

...Of course, while this is fascinating to think about, nothing of the sort

actually happened. If it had happened, it would have been unbearable. It would be appropriate to say it would be "no joke."

But I digress. Now then, the results of the human experiment.

Once sprayed with blood, the bone needles instantly sprung out of the stone mask— and the needles pierced the man's brain. At that moment, the stone mask glowed.

It emitted a blindingly bright light— No, perhaps that was an illusion. That at least was what I thought at that moment.

Much like how a superb painting or a sculpture can seem like it is emitting light, I thought that was all I was seeing.— But I was wrong.

Having thought the man had died the moment the bone needles dug into his brain, I turned my back to pick up my hat which had fallen off during the fight. And in that moment, he got up— and attacked me.

With a terrific power.

With a body that had returned to its youth.

102

With a body that did not feel pain.

With an unbelievable strength that crushed my collarbone just by grazing it— he attacked me with the intent to kill.

No, that's not right.

It was not trying to kill me.

He was trying to eat me.

If the sun had risen just a few seconds later— I would likely have become the "first slice of bread" to that vampire I had accidentally created.

Being an ordinary human at the time, with of course no way of using Ripple techniques, I had no means of resistance against a vampire, a being that had surpassed humanity.

The risen sun turned the man's body to ash, to dust, and he disappeared. And so, I learned that the weakness of that mighty life-form was the sun.

It had all been a coincidence.

There was no intention or plan.

My learning of the stone mask's secret and my learning of the vampires' weakness were all pure coincidence.-- One could call it nothing but the result of some mistakes.

But when that many coincidences pile up, it becomes design.

When that many failures piled up, it became something like success.

That is what I believe.

Of course, at that time I had still had no intention of donning the stone mask myself.-- It did of course allow one to obtain great power and an immortal body, but the sacrifices those brought with them were too great.

By referencing Jonathan's research notebooks, it likely did something like this.— The stone mask brings out the latent potential of the human brain.

The potential of the brain.— The human brain is an organ which still holds many mysteries. The idea that the stone mask's bone needles had the function of awakening a sleeping ability we humans had never known did not take long to deduce.

Awakening the brain. Pushing the brain.

That is what the stone mask was made to do.— But even knowing that, there were still many unknowns. I had still only performed a single experiment on humans. So I never even thought of using that mysterious mask on myself.
—
However...

I was driven into a situation where I had no choice but to use it on myself.

After my experiment had ended-- After my drunken wandering had ended, one could say-- what awaited me at the Joestar residence was Jonathan Joestar, having returned safely from Ogre Street.

No, not "safely."

He had brought with him the Chinaman that had sold me the poison — as well as a friend he seems to have made on Ogre Street.

I was utterly cornered. Checkmated, if you will.

But I had known that.-- Knowing what sort of man Jonathan Joestar was, I had known much earlier that I had been cornered.

Nevertheless, I had no plans for cowardly tactics like not returning to the mansion and fleeing.— I would never run from a man like him.

In order to fight Jonathan I returned to the Joestar mansion, a place I knew would be the jaws of death for me.

104

"I obtained an antidote.

"In other words, I've gotten proof, Dio.

"I do this with a heavy heart... Although I can't say we ever really got along, you and I grew up like brothers. But now I'm forced to hand you over to the police."

Jonathan said something along those lines.

He really did seem reluctant, or rather sad, when he saw me.

"It's too bad, Dio... It truly is.

"You may not understand, but that is how I truly feel... Dio."

How... How can I express this... To have those so-called "kind" words spoken to me from the man I intended to square off against... I wonder if Jonathan could imagine how much it hurt me, how much it wounded me?

Those sad eyes... those compassionate eyes...

Just how he bruised me-- I doubt Jonathan could ever know.

But I did not become enraged.— I endured Jonathan's insult.

And to Jonathan, I said this--

105

I have received an unexpected report. That is why my last entry ended so unfinished. If this notebook is to be something like a memorandum or a commonplace book, then there is little meaning in fussing over connections and jumps, but it feels unpleasant to break stride. Still, I have no choice but to do so.

Something has happened that I must write first.

Something displeasing.

I have received word that the team of J. Geil and Hoi Horse, the team of Stand users that are very rare to find in this world, has been beaten by the Joestar group.-- And it happened several days ago, it seems.

There is a reason that this information only just reached me. An unavoidable, allowable reason— A reason that I, Dio, would say, "In that case, it could not be helped," in regards to. Yes, and that is because the person that was originally supposed to report the information to me, Enya the Hag, went out of

her senses the moment she heard it.

Defeat.

About Hoi Horse's stubborn fleeing, he was still able to make such a choice it seems, and about Enya's son, J. Geil, being impaled by Jean Pierre Polnareff's "Silver Chariot" in revenge.

Her own son was killed.

So even that witch can be sad?

Even that witch— can be a mother?

Even though she is not a holy woman— she could still be a mother?

Anyhow, another subordinate that couldn't help but overhear that has given me a late report of it.

However, those two did not simply lose.— I have been told that the man one could say is the cornerstone of the Joestar group, the fortune teller Avdol, was eliminated. If one considers that only J. Geil died, and Hoi Horse managed to survive-- then both our side had one loss and our opponents have one loss. Therefore, one could make the statement that we are even. Lives, "souls" are

106

things that can be added and subtracted, and they certainly can't be divided, but regarding our sides' numbers, I believe I could actually call this something of a victory.

Something of a victory.

Yes, something of a victory.

I should normally be able to call it that— But now Enya the Hag, whom could be called the crux of our organization and its manager, has lost her senses.

I therefore cannot say the result was balanced both the two sides.

We've suffered major damage.

No, catastrophic damage.

In all honesty, it is damage I do not anticipate we will recover from.

Right now, the "Empress" is using her Stand ability to pursue the Joestar group, but I wonder about the outcome. Just how functional can the parts of an organization be once the chain of command is lost?

It seems the time has come. It seems I must make a serious effort. It is I, after all, that has the fated connection with the Joestar family-- and it seems that connection must be severed directly.

I must formulate.

Formulate a strategy.

Like I did one hundred years ago-- Like I had to.

A plan to take everything from the Joestar household.

.But setting that aside, I must

first do something about Enya.

About that mother who has lost
her mind.

107

There are a great many things I should write. So many that I am unsure
of from where I should begin. This notebook is ultimately a record of "the
way to
get to heaven."-- In that way, it is different from the research notebook
Jonathan
kept regarding the stone mask.

That is why there really isn't a need to write a detailed description of
each and every little thing regarding the stone mask.— And I feel that even if
I
write in detail about my mental states from one hundred years ago, it will
only
serve to put me in a bad mood.

And now my current situation is starting to get worse as well.— Perhaps
I should temporarily suspend my search for the "way to get to heaven" here?

Maybe I should devote my attention to my battle with thejoestar family?

Perhaps I should...

No, if I think objectively, that is correct.-- "The method for going to heaven" cannot be enacted in the next few days at any rate.

It is a long-term plan with no end in sight.

Therefore the correct thing to do is to put that off for now-- but that correctness is displeasing to me.

Saying it and writing it makes me sick.

That being correct is fundamentally irritating.

For the sake of those people-- Jonathan's grandson and the rest of them, I have to depart from my original plan. For me to act prudent and act like I'm delaying it of my own volition is not something that should be happening.

By doing that, Dio is no longer Dio.-- Therefore, I will persist in working towards my goal.

Now, without any more delay, I will continue from where I left off.

I was cornered by Jonathan—I was pitied by Jonathan, but I endured that humiliation and I decided to exploit it. I pretended to act gracious and in the opening that created, I tried to stab and kill him with a knife.-- I could no longer think about the consequences.

I would kill Jonathan.

At that point, that was all I could think about.-- But regarding that, Jonathan was meticulously prepared.

He had already brought a squad of police officers into the mansion.-- No, actually I doubt that was Jonathan's idea.

Undoubtedly that was the idea of the friend he brought with him from Ogre Street.Speedwagon or whatever his name.

He... No, that person said this to me.

While I, Dio, continued my performance to try to draw out even more sympathy from Jonathan, he kicked a candlestick at me and said this:

"This guy stinks! He reeks of a stench that's worse than vomit! I've never met anyone so evil!

"His circumstances made him evil? I don't think so! This guy was born evil! Mr. Joestar, you should just hurry and hand him over to the police!"

Such correct words.

It may have been a different place, but he was raised in the bottom rung of society as well.He saw through me, Dio, perfectly. But be that as it may, I did not think we could understand each other. I could not imagine us ever walking side by side.

And perhaps I was indeed born evil.— I'm sure I was. Even I think so. At the very least, as far back as I can remember, I cannot remember a time when I was pure, when I was a good person, or a time when I was innocent.

I always made fun of my saint of a mother, and in my life up to that point, I had not really amassed any good deeds.

If anything, in the seven years I spent at thejoestar residence when I donned the mask of being a good student, I acted like a fairly "good boy," but that was all done in order to usurp thejoestar family fortune, so I don't suppose one could call any of that a good deed. It was insincere, which may be even worse than being directly, purely evil.

So Speedwagon was correct.

109

I was born evil, his words rang utterly true.— But in every other point, that person was wrong.

He was off the mark.

Even if I was born evil— even if mine is a cursed soul... One could not say the environment I was born in and grew up in were not awful.

I am evil.

And my circumstances were bad.

There is no contradiction. It is consistent.

After that, I put on the stone mask; I would cease to be human. But surprisingly, perhaps the thing that spurred me to do it was that man,

Speedwagon.

When I think about it that way, it is a bit odd.

Fate is something that seems tightly fixed, but actually with just little mistakes, it can be easily changed.

110

I've pierced Enya the Hag with a "flesh bud."

That was the only way for me to return her to sanity after she had lost it. Well, that was what I was thinking when I performed that measure, but in the end her sanity did not return.-- She only got a bit better. I've received news that "Empress" and "Wheel of Fortune" have lose to Joseph Joestar, and now she has finally gone to eliminate them herself. Without discussing or reporting it to me at all.

I wonder what the outcome will be?

Enya the Hag's "Justice" is a Stand ability which allows her to simultaneously manipulate a large number of corpses, and therefore in a way it rivals the stone mask.— If one were to fight it head-on, I don't think there is any Stand that could beat it. And even if they don't fight head-on, I doubt the result would change.

That old woman's Stand has the ability to overcome the disadvantage of being one vs. many.— But the one thing I am worried about, as there was no way around it, is that I had to use a "flesh bud."

Her Stand power will weaken as a result, and that is something to be concerned about.

I don't much feel like writing in my notebook today.

I will continue this tomorrow.

III

41

"Dio...

"I heard everything.

"It really is... a pity.

"I was indebted to your father... And I had every intention of giving you the same love and holding the same expectations for you as my own son.

"I'm going to my room to rest... I do not want to see my son arrested...."

Those are my adoptive father's words that I remember.

George Joestar's words.

Like his son Jonathan, he looked at me with sad eyes.— Yes, there was

likely no falsehood in those words.

Hetruly was sad.

And I think he really didn't want to see my being arrested. Because I think the part about him having the same love and expectations for me as with

Jonathan was not a lie, either.

Upon writing this, I've realized something.

Did Georgejoestar really never catch on to my plan— to his own adoptive son's wicked thoughts?

And what he said just before, about the man he said he was indebted to, Dario Brando. He knew he was not indebted to him, he knew he had been robbed

by him.— Even knowing that, he continued to say he was indebted to my father,

take charge of his son, and show him love.

He was the sort of man that could do such things.

Then perhaps— even knowing that his adoptive son was trying to kill him and trying to gain control of his house and family fortune, he could still love

me as an adoptive son, or as his real son.

The medicine I gave him.

Perhaps he swallowed it even knowing that it was poison and not medicine.— That's quite a frightening image. If he kept taking that poison all the

while hoping I would just give up on my plan, that I would have a change of

heart— That terrifying thought is filled with far more madness than anything I, or anyone in this world, have ever had.

It's different from kindness or gentleness.

It's insane love.

Just how much did that "giver"— intend to give to me?

.No, I expect I really am thinking too deeply into this.

I truly doubt anyone would ever do such a thing.— That is beyond the realm of sainthood.

This father's love even overshadowed that of my mother's.

But I still think...

I think that this father who was killed by me right afterwards by protecting his own son, this father that was killed by his adoptive son, quite likely went to heaven.

To that heaven I do not think even my mother went to.

And perhaps there— he reunited with Dario Brando.

Perhaps both fathers reunited.— If that is the case, I wonder what they talked about?

I am starting to feel unwell.

I will continue tomorrow.

113

I had been cornered-- cornered and having been pitied by both George Joestar and Jonathan Joestar, decided to don the stone mask myself.

I decided to cease being human.

If it were only the Joestar father and son in the mansion at the time-- Or if it were only them and Speedwagon, I think I would've chosen not to put on the stone mask and just fought as a normal human.

But in that situation with a squad of policemen carrying guns, there did not seem to be any other viable options.— I did not plan on such a thing.

It was them that forced me to don the stone mask. One could say they made me quit being human.

But one could also say that I was only able to do it because they pushed me that far.

I was able to reject my humanity.

I believe I said something like this to Jonathan. I at least want you to

be the one to put the handcuffs on me, and beckoned him closer. After that, yes, I said something like this:

"Jojo.

"There are limits to a human's abilities.

"What I have learned in my short life is... that the more humans scheme, the more their schemes will fall apart due to unforeseen circumstances.

"I must become something that surpasses humans."

Even now, those feelings have not changed in me.

The more one schemes— the more their schemes will fall apart due to unforeseen circumstances.

But I have an addendum to that.

Even after becoming something that transcends humanity-- In the end, the more I scheme, the more my schemes fall apart due to unforeseen circumstances.

And even now, they are falling apart again.

114

"The way to go to heaven."

Because of the Joestar family, my plan that should have been perfect is once again falling apart due to unforeseen elements-- as if they are inevitable.

Anyhow, with Jonathan right in front of me, I put on the stone mask.
And right before Jonathan's eyes, I rejected my humanity.-- I had intended to stop being human by bathing in his blood, but the one whose blood I bathed in was the one that protected him, the blood of George Joestar.

The father protected the son.

And the needles pierced my brain.

115

I have received a report from Steely Dan that Enya the Hag's "Justice" has been defeated by Jotaro Kujo's "Star Platinum."

It seems the "flesh buds" did indeed have a side effect.-- I ordered Steely Dan to finish off Enya the Hag.

I do only what has to be done.

I did only what had to be done.

It did not produce any emotion.

But when thinking about what comes next, I do indeed worry.-- Even beyond the fact that all of the jobs I had entrusted to Enya will now stop, just thinking about it is mentally exhausting. I'm going to rest for a bit.

116

When one is splashed with blood while wearing the stone mask, they become vampires really without exception. But, how much of their conscious mind from "before then" remains seems to depend on the person.

For example, the man who was the target of my accidental human experiment, as far as I know the first victim of the stone mask, even though he

was turned into a vampire, he became something not much different from a zombie. An incarnation of appetite and a lust for slaughter.— I was a bit confused as well, so I cannot say this with certainty, but I think I can justifiably

say that he lost his sanity and sense of reason.

He did not have a fragment of personality left.

So it would seem that there depending on the strength of one's mind, the effect differs from individual to individual.

So while there are those that lose their ego when the needles push on their brain, that become a monster in both mind and body, there are also those who are able to become a vampire and have their sanity remain.

.Well, that is what I think, but in truth, I may have had already lost

my sanity, ego, and sense of reason long before that.

One cannot tell if they themselves are sane.

But I am fine as long as I remain being me.

Even if I have ceased being human.

If I am me, that is enough.-- As long as I remain the proud self that I am,

Dio.

Not Dio Brando.

No Dio Joestar.

D-I-O.

As long as I continue being purely DIO— that is what matters above all

else

117

Being cornered into putting on the stone mask one hundred years ago, I might go so far to call it an act of desperation. But still, I am fortunate that my reason that myself still remained.

However, my good fortune ends there, and truly just there. Because in the end, after that, mere minutes after that, I would end up losing to Jonathan Joestar's explosive power.

Even though I was able to eradicate the police squadron with my vampire power, I was "burned to death" by Jonathan Joestar along with the entire Joestar mansion.

Seven years ago, along with that mansion I had so many memories in—

I was "burned to death."

No, to be precise, it was not the flames that killed me. If it were only flames, I could have escaped.— With the vampire's recovery ability, I should have been able to escape.

But I couldn't.

By the Joestar house's guardian spirit, by the goddess of love, I was skewered-- I was burned.

118

Looking at yesterday's entry makes me feel embarrassed.

By the goddess of love, I was skewered, I was burned, all that. Even as a rhetorical depiction, that is far too narcissistic. What in the world was I trying to write? Literature or something?

It was nothing like that.

I was simply defeated before Jonathan's good luck.— Good luck, and perhaps his unconscious mind.

The statue of a goddess of love decorating the Joestar mansion's lobby, in other words, before Jonathan's unconscious mind that used a mere decoration, I lost. That is all.

I will write simply the factual account of how he, with his flesh-and-

blood body, "subjugated" me, the immortal vampire.-- Without any odd indulgences, I will write what are purely facts.

After seeing my immortal body shrugging off a volley of fire from the police squad like it was nothing— After seeing my recovery, he thought of trying to burn me to death, it seems.

And ordinary flames would not be enough.

He tried to kill me with huge flames, flames that would burn down the entire Joestar mansion.-- To be honest, it seems that man intended to go down with me. A double suicide, one might call it. It seems that by sacrificing

himself-- He intended to make sure I would be completely burned away and not escape. And yet, Jonathan alone survived. And the only way I can explain that only I was burned, the only way I can explain that fate, that division of light and dark, is that he had good luck and I had bad luck.

Earlier, I was talking about the unconscious— About how he subconsciously used the structure of the Joestar mansion he had lived in all that time, how he subconsciously used that goddess of love that decorated the lobby and such. But in terms of knowledge of the Joestar mansion's structure, mine was no worse than Jonathan's.

And yet, he survived.

And I "died."

What was the difference?

As I said, it was a difference of luck. But does that really decide everything?

Is perhaps being able to go to "heaven" or not, also decided in such a way? Those with good luck can go to heaven and those with bad luck cannot? Is that all?

Regardless of nobility or pride.

Regardless of good deeds or humanity.

.I do wonder, with what sort of meaning my mother used the word

"heaven" to begin with?— It is not something to bethinking about at this point, but my understanding of it is too vague.

It is truly hard for me to think of it as the "heaven" usually based on religious devotion. Did it simply mean "a happier place than here?"-- But honestly, you could find a place better than that town pretty much anywhere, couldn't you? You could make the extreme argument that all places besides that one were "heaven." To take one step outside the Brando house, to take just one step into that bottom-rung town, for her, that became "happiness."

She was able to go to "heaven."

It was like my mother was like an ascetic monk performing penance in order to achieve enlightenment, the way she lived— and died, in that town.

Was that love, or some such thing?

Love for my father and love for me.

And love for the inhabitants of that town— like a holy woman.

Was it something like that?

.If everything is based on luck, then making a record like this, as well

as my groping for a way to get to heaven itself, loses all meaning. Because no matter how much I've thought about it, no matter how much I rack my brains —

no matter how much I've schemed, due to unforeseen circumstances, due to unpredictable developments, everything will come to nothing.

120

Luck.

Perhaps my bad luck started when I was born to Dario Brando and that foolish mother of mine.— And Jonathan's good luck started, yes, when he was born as the heir to thejoestar family.

So then is birth everything?

Is your upbringing everything?

I suppose Speedwagon's opinion was incorrect after all. Perhaps it is the environment that is everything--? Or perhaps being born evil is equal to being born into bad circumstances?

Is whether you can go to "heaven" or not really fully dependent on your birth?

I had decided that it was certain that my mother could not have come to heaven, but— But what she actually went to "heaven" based on evaluation of good deeds during her lifetime, or perhaps some other reason I didn't pay any mind to?

If that is the case, I am doing something extremely useless. Useless and meaningless.

Should I just throw this notebook away altogether?

Perhaps that would be for the best-- Maybe if I can go to heaven, I can get there without doing anything, and if I can't, then no matter what I do, I still won't be able to.

Effort is useless and resistance is futile.

What if that is all there is to it?

121

Even if that is all there is to it, for now, I am going to write what I am

establishing right now to its end.

Even if there is no meaning to it, I can at least complete it to take pleasure in the humor of it when re-reading it later.— Because after I've beaten the Joestar group and gotten completely adapted to my body, I may lose meaning in my life.

So in preparation for such a time, I think I should prepare a bit of humor for the sake of having a better life.

Anyhow, I'm a bit shaken up.

My failures, while frustrating enough to begin with, are not very pleasant to remember and write down.

In order to reclaim calmness, today I will only be writing about current events.

I'll only be talking about what happened in these last few days.

Steely Dan's "Lovers" has been defeated.

And so have "Sun" and "Death Thirteen."

It seems "Judgment" and "High Priestess" are already on the move, but I already do not think that they can stop the Joestar Group. Not in the least.

These people that were originally direct subordinates of Enya the Hag are now acting on their own judgment.-- They are not waiting for me, Dio, to issue them commands, they are acting just to render achievements. I might go so far as to say things are in a runaway state.

Having lost control of them, I have no way of stopping them.-- Perhaps I should have used "flesh buds" on them before they became like this, but of course the down side of that has already been proven.

And the Stand user "The Fool"-- The "dog" Iggy has, as expected, been secured by the Speedwagon Foundation.

Speedwagon.

That man.

122

Even after death, he causes me trouble.-- When I look at this foundation he created, no matter how bad a man he tried to be, I wonder if that man was an "inheritor" or a "giver."

I've really betrayed my promise to myself, this is ludicrous.

Anyhow, it is likely that Iggy will join thejoestar group in the near future.

The way I am writing this may seem like there has been nothing but bad news, but there is good news as well.

Similar to the dog of "The Fool," and I suppose the orangutan of "Strength," I have found another animal Stand user.

It is the Stand user of the Stand "Hors."

It is a hawk Stand user.

I have named him (?) Pet Shop and given him the duty of guarding this

mansion.

And with Pet Shop, I have gathered all "Nine Major Egyptian Gods" in my service. They are all a different variety of cards than the ones that were Enya the Hag's subordinates.

I think I will gather them all into the mansion at once for a time.

Before all the Stand users Enya gathered are wiped out-- While they can still risk their lives to buy me "time."

Oh, yes. I must call Hoi Horse. Him, alone...

123

We have decided on a day for Pucci to return once again to my mansion. I'll try to form a firm definition in my mind of what "heaven" is by the time he arrives.

What is "Heaven?"

124

Now that I have calmed down, I will continue writing about one hundred years ago.

I lost.

To Jonathan, no, to the joestar father and son, I lost.-- I "died." I was "killed."

But I did not die.

But I was not killed.— I survived.

At the very last moment, a pillar which had broken due to the fire destroyed the goddess statue that had skewered me.— And so, I just managed to survive.

If one could call that good luck, this is like that Chinaman said, I have good luck. I suppose that's what it was. I was in a state from which I could not recover for sometime, a state that seemed beyond recovery, but regardless, I survived. I lived on.

My life continued.

Not as a human, but-- it continued.

And it continues on now.

I did not simply escape death, I survived.

That is what I should say here.

But for a time, I had to hide myself. I had become an immortal vampire with a powerful recovery ability, but being restored from the verge of death took time and required considerable life force.— So...

So while I gained servants like Jack the Ripper and drank the blood of

young women, I simply waited for my body to recover.

I recovered.

And waited for the day I would have my revenge on Jonathan.

But while I was doing that-- While I was putting all of my effort into restoring my body, Jonathan acquired those blasted Ripple abilities.

The energy of the sun, in a way, a celebration of humanity.

125

Or one could also call it life or the soul itself. Those techniques-- He learned those techniques which are specialized for exterminating vampires.

He acquired them.

I may have written this somewhere before, but the one that taught those techniques to Jonathan was a man named Will A. Zeppeli.— He was Jonathan's master.

From what I've heard, Jonathan had met up again with Erina Pendolton for the first time in many years and was walking down a street with her where he found Zeppeli, lying in wait. He suddenly healed one of Jonathan's broken bones, and kindly informed him that I, Dio, was still alive, and that he must learn the laws of the Ripple.

What a laugh.

No, I cannot laugh that.

It honestly makes me angry.

It seems that no matter how far he goes, Jonathan is still an "inheritor."—
- He never had to search for a way to defeat me.

He never had to travel deep into the mountains of Tibet and ask to be
trained.

Far from it, the fact that I— the person one could call his arch enemy,
was still alive, he did not even have to investigate for himself.

In fact, I'm sure he thought something like "HI just try to quickly forget
all about it" regarding me and the stone mask.

That was the type he was-- The kind of man that would separate
himself from "murder."

The type of man that could forget the taste of the bread he ate.

And the type that would carelessly try to return to his daily life.—
Though I, Dio, was of course thankful for that.— But he was "given" to by
Zeppeli
and "inherited" from him.

The Rippletechnique.

And the fate of the stone mask.

He "inherited" them.

He himself never moved, he was merely "given" and "inherited" these things. Jonathan Joestar lived his life lazily.

When I look at it that way, it seems my drunkard of a father and Jonathan Joestar actually have something in common.-- And perhaps you could also say that I was both of their "arch enemies."

However, my father was a "taker."

A "taker" like me.

So essentially, if you were to probe into the battle between Jonathan and me, you would find that it was ultimately a battle between "takers" and "inheritors."-- And if you go further and consider that I lost, you would see that in the end, no matter how we may try, the "takers" cannot win against the "inheritors," much like the "have-nots" cannot win against the "haves," wouldn't you say?

No, that's not right.

It is certainly true that I lost in the short run.

But the battle between the Joestar bloodline and me is not yet over.

It still continues even now.

"Geb," N'Dour.

"Khnum," Oingo.

"Toth," Boingo.

"Anubis," (no master).

"Bastet," Mari ah.

"Seth an," Alessi.

"Osiris," Daniel J. D'Arby.

"Atum" Terence T. D'Arby.

"Horus," Pet Shop.

The nine major Egyptian gods.

I have them, as well as Hoi Horse, gathered at my mansion.—Truly something I could call a masterpiece. If these ten Stands formed a team and attacked at once, I think that even I would not stand a chance.

But I am well aware that will not happen.

They won't form a team.

They won't form cliques.

Stand users are extremely afraid of other Stand users learning their abilities.— There are some among these here that have the resourcefulness to form teams, as I said before, but those are exceptions to the rule. Only Hoi Horse

and the Oingo and Boingo brothers.

I've informed them of what actions to take next.— With thejoestar group likely having broken past "Judgment" and "High Priestess" and reached

Egypt, I have directed them to ambush— to eliminate them.

This is also for the sake of allowing me to safely meet with Pucci and buy me time to find a way to go to heaven. As well as time for adapting to Jonathan's body.

Regardless of the reason, I still cannot say that I am in the best condition to meet their team, which has proven itself to be a force far stronger than anticipated.

129

According to reports, it seems that the Speedwagon Foundation has caught wind of this meeting.-- In other words, they have alerted thejoestar group about this mansion that I, Dio, am living in.

I am repulsed by the idea of running, but for now, it seems that getting away from here may be a good idea.

I'll call Kenny G. and Vanilla Ice as well.

Vanilla Ice in particular is a trump card, but.you never know what may happen.

I'm going to write what I gathered from yesterday's meeting here.

I perhaps should have written this in yesterday's entry, but it took me some time to gather my thoughts.— Because I had a rather wild idea, even for me.

No, actually, I think I will sleep on this idea for another day.

I have a bad habit of being overeager.

By doing that, it's led to a lot of sidestepping and letdowns, hasn't it?— Relating to my search for the "way to get to heaven" as well as other things.

Today, I will only record facts.

I suppose the only appropriate thing to say here is "As expected." "Judgment" and "High Priestess" have lost to the Joestar group.

And even more bad news has come in.— It seems that Mohammad Avdol, the master of "Magician's Red" which J. Geil and Hoi Horse had supposedly eliminated, had actually survived.

And this is not something like he just so happens to be alive, or he survived by some coincidence. As the result of Joseph Joestar's plan, as a result of Jonathan's grandson's tricky plan, he had been "pretending to have been killed."

Unfortunately, I must admit I was taken in by this plan.— And because

of that, they were allowed to reach Egypt. I can't believe that Avdol pretended to be dead and secretly prepared a submarine.

I've heard that having just managed to realize that, "High Priestess" destroyed the submarine, but she was just a bit short of bringing Jotaro to an irrecoverable state.

And she was beaten.

But on the other hand, I think I've noticed a side of myself I've been ignoring. A side of myself that is actually calmly accepting that bad news.

A side of myself that somehow, has become able to, in some way, take it as good news.

131

Saying that Joseph Joestar's plan was tricky makes it sound nice, but it was actually a dirty plan for fooling of one's foe that was based on deception.

And Jotaro Kujo— although he is an enemy Stand user, he's displayed great mercilessness by harming a woman to a point beyond recoverability.

Speaking of which, Joseph also beat the female Stand user "Empress" without hesitation.— All actions completely unthinkable for Jonathan Joestar or George Joestar.

Completely ungentlemanly acts that would have been unthinkable one

hundred years ago.

So I can rest easy.

Even those "inheritors"— did not "inherit" all of Jonathan's mettle. Somewhere, some of it, perhaps even most of it, had worn away.

So they are not worth fearing.

Surely they will be eliminated by one of the 9 Egyptian Gods— Perhaps quite easily, such as by N'Dour.

I am looking forward to tomorrow.

Tomorrow, when I will organize my thoughts.

132

The Stand abilities of the 9 Egyptian Gods, to cite the D'Arby Brothers as examples, are all unique. I suppose the tarot cards should be considered a starting point.-- Yesterday I wrote about what would happen if they all attacked together, something along those lines, but depending on how their abilities are used, even one could very well have the caliber to directly oppose the Stand of me, Dio.

Among them, the one I most have my eye on is Boingo's "Thoth."

He is quite shy, or rather, he has a tendency to be distrustful of others.

Since he only ever opens up to his elder brother Oingo, it has been difficult even

for me to question him. But if I were to describe "Thoth's" Stand ability, I would call it "future prediction."

The Stand takes the form of a "book."

And in that "book," the future appears in the form of pictures.-- It does have the weakness of only being able to predict the very near future, and it also does not have any attack power whatsoever, but what makes this Stand ability truly dangerous is its "predictions."

I am told that it is impossible for the future to deviate from the futures it predicts.

"The predictions are absolutely 100% certain."

That is what he said.

Because this timid young boy, this boy that has no self-confidence in regards to anything, said that with such conviction-- and at the very least, it has been true thus far.

This is what I thought when I first learned of that "Thoth's" ability.

"Will this serve a purpose?"

"What purpose is there in knowing about an unalterable future in advance?"

"If it's certain destiny, then knowing about it won't do anything, will it?"

That is what I thought.

133

Certainly, it would be pleasant if a better-- Or rather, more desirable future was "predicted." There would be value in putting in effort to move towards that future in the shortest amount of time.

But if an undesirable future appeared in the "Stand book," what should one do? In the extreme case, what if it predicts your own defeat?

If there were some way to avoid that future, then that would be beneficial-- but that cannot be done.

"Absolute, 100%."

Unavoidable.-- If tragedy is certain and unavoidable, then one would rather not know about that, isn't that right?

Learning that would work in the same way of knowing how a person's life was going to go starting from the moment they were born. No matter how much effort you put in, no matter how much discipline, it would all be completely meaningless.

Birth is everything.

For example, if Boingo's "Thoth" Stand predicted a future of him dying, just what would he do?— That is what I was thinking.

Ah, this may sound like something I was thinking a long time ago, but I

was actually still thinking it up until two days ago.— And then, two days ago, I asked him.

I asked Boingo.

If it was predicted that he died, or even if it was not that, but some hopeless, sad future-- such as the death of his big brother, perhaps— just what did he intend to do?

Perhaps this was a cruel question to ask a child.

But I could not help but ask— If there was anything that could become even the slightest hint to "going to heaven" before thejoestar group arrived, I had to ask.

Boingo was cowering, would not meet my gaze, trembled, and stuttered— but with an uncharacteristic strong will, he said this.

But.

134

"But still, Lord Dio.

"Even if you were faced with an unavoidable tragedy-- if you know about it, then you can 'prepare' yourself for it."

.Truly words that did not sound like they camefrom a child.

Because of the parents I grew up with, I matured fairly quickly, but I doubt I could have said something so audacious at Boingo's age.

If you know the "future" you can "prepare" yourself.

If you can "prepare" yourself— that leads to "happiness."

In other words-- does that not mean that "heaven" is "the future?"

Knowing of a bad future is not "despair," but it is "hope," is it not?—

Even if you know you are going to die tomorrow, if you are "prepared" for it, then you are "happy," are you not?

"Preparedness" dispels "despair."

And the future itself is heaven-- that is the assumption.

Though it is still in the domain of an assumption— Boingo's Standability is not enough. "Thoth" is far from enough. Merely knowing the just a bit into the future, the amount of preparing you can do is only just knowing about it, it would seem.

The amount of resolve one can garner for the near future really is not very much.

That is not the resolve I want-- There is a great difference in the preparedness one would have being stuck in a bit of a pinch and someone you care very much about being in great danger. It depends very much on the situation. And without great resolve, I highly doubt one can reach heaven.

It is not enough. No, after all, at the current moment, I do not feel that

this is really enough to say it is a way to go to heaven.-- Is it possible that from the point I was inspired with this idea, that I have only turned this way and that, but never taken a step forward?

Then what exactly is this notebook? An account of my stagnation or something?— Ridiculous. I've been captured by improper thoughts. As I, Dio, liken myself to an emperor, that is something that should not happen.

135

I will put these in order.

The things necessary to go to heaven.

"The souls of over 36 sinners."

"The 14 words."

"A friend I can trust from the bottom of my heart."

And my Stand— the Stand of "time."

"The World."

Yes, it is all right.— I am moving forward. I am making progress.

Along with the passage of time, I am properly, firmly, moving forward with an unwavering pace.— No matter what I lack or what I have lost, that much

is certain.— That alone is something about which I have no doubt.

I may have missed a chance, but this is good timing.

Because here I will write why "the souls of over 36 sinners" is necessary.-
— Up until this point I have pontificated about them as core "material" for going to heaven, but thanks to Boingo's great efforts, I have decided.

My own resolve— at this point, I have considerably, fairly, formed it.

Of course, that resolve is not, not nearly, enough to go to heaven— I wrote how the sum total of necessary souls was decided long ago. But what about the quantity of souls? What about the mass of an individual creature's soul?

Let us say for argument's sake that there are 10.

Seeing as a basis of 10 is the easiest number for a human, or for a vampire, to "divide."— Of every number base, base 10 is the most widely spread.

And the reason for that is that humans have a total of 10 fingers between their two hands, it seems.

So I will be using that as my foundation here as well.

Let us give these souls ratios of goodness and evil. It would seem that most humans are balanced at a ratio of 5:5.— Daniel J. D'Arby is able to divide the souls he has turned into chips down further into even more chips, but the limit of that is 10 chips.

When I learned that, I felt that my assumption of the quantity in a soul being "10" was correct.

But the problem was how those 10 chips are classified.

So we are dividing them into a black and white ratio.

For a righteous man like Jonathan Joestar, those 10 chips would likely all be white.-- A 10:0 ratio being a good person.

My mother would be the same way.

A 10:0 good person.-- A holy woman.

And for me, or someone like Jack the Ripper or Enya the Hag's son J. Geil,

I am sure that the 10 chips would be pitch black.-- People with a 0:10 ratio.

I am trying to collect 36 people with 10 black chips.

That is a calculation even a child could do.— 36 times 10, 360.

360 is a number that represents a circle.-- A circle, and at the same time, a "clock."

36 souls, if my soul at least is added to them— "time" completes a cycle.

Yes. More than 36 souls indicate more than one full revolution.

"Time" will— make a "full circuit."

That is the process for going to heaven, the guide.

.I write that as if I know everything there is to know about it, but at

the present moment, I must say that it is not complete. If this thinking is correct, in order to put "that" into practice, I require the courage to temporarily discard my Stand.

What I require is "courage."

I require the courage to discard my Stand.-- My rotting Stand will father and absorb the souls of 36 sinners.

And from there, "someone new" will be born.

By doing that, the "born being" will be awoken.-- The 14 words uttered by the friend I can trust represent intelligence-- The "friend" trusts me.

I will become a "friend."

137

It seems that Jonathan acquired the Ripple techniques quite easily.-- Of course, he went through some degree of rigorous training, but with just a week or two of, how shall I say this... "something like effort," he became able to use the

Ripple. Ah, honestly, how do I write this? To speak openly, it honestly annoys me.

Something that I and most other humans cannot do, he learned quite easily. Like he was given it, inherited it, or he had it all along.-- Regardless, he managed to learn it some way or another.

Perhaps it's talent.

An aptitude only one in 10,000 has or something.

With something nonsensical like that-- he easily caught up to me, who had made heavy sacrifices and transcended humanity.

"Takers" and "inheritors."

Is there really that much of a difference between the two?

.I wonder if from the beginning I had known that there "were

differences" and that "differences will arise" in the future, I would have had "resolve" from the very start?

If I had known about the future, would I have become happy?

At the very least, more than Jonathan.-- Of course I don't know what sort of resolve or preparedness Jonathan had, nor do I very much want to know.

In order to exterminate me now that I had become a monster, he came to the city deep within the mountains where I was hiding in order to recover, "Windnights."

It was a town built in the middle ages for knights that served kings to train. And in that era, they made use of the natural land formation of it being surrounded by mountains on three sides and erected a prison.

Of course, the reason I chose Windnights as my place to recuperate was

because of that prison.-- As I have written many times before, fiendish humans more easily make good zombies.

138

I was trying to create a zombie army.-- One could say that the fact that I was able to do things like resurrect the powerful, legendary knights who were even recorded in textbooks at the time, Tarkus and Bruford, as my own close aides, was something of a byproduct of that.

By doing that, I planned to increase my number of subordinates, gain control of the town, eventually London, and later bring all of the world under my control.-- Back then that is what I had as my "goal."

That is what I believed would bring me "happiness."

Or perhaps, I believed that that was the path to going to "heaven."

Now, I think differently.

I recognize the mistakes I made in my past.

Standing at the pinnacle.— Whether that is standing at the pinnacle of an ecosystem, or at the top of a food chain, it is the same.-- And yet, standing at the pinnacle is not exactly what you can call victory.

True victory is the very act of gazing onto heaven.

I had a conversation I believe was with Enya the Hag.

I asked her something like this:

"What does it mean to 'live 1 ?

"For what reason do humans live?"

To that, her answer was truly simple and also very practical-minded.

"To obtain that which they desire.

"If I am to summarize it, that is all that human life is.

"We want money, we want fame.

"We want food, we want love, we want lovers."

Quite a realistic and truly great answer.

But when one tries to obtain what they desire, conflict always arises.—

If you lose that conflict and do not obtain the thing you wanted, you taste a sense

of failure and defeat, you are wounded. And in the next fight...

You will end up feeling "fear."

And so, I said this to her.

"I believe that conquering 'fear' is what it means to 'live'.— The one that stands at the pinnacle of the world is the one that does not have the smallest fragment of fear!"

And in response to that, Enya the Hag said something that seemed to me to be truly strange.

"Lord Dio.What does someone as great as you have to 'fear'?"

At that time, I answered, "Thejoestar bloodline.-- I cannot make light of thejoestar bloodline."

Enya scoffed at my words.— Or rather, loudly enough for me to rebuke her. But now, things are going just as I thought then.

The Stand users I have sent as assassins have been beaten one after another, and two among them joined the enemy. Even with all her laughing,

Enya the Hag was beaten as well.— And I ended up issuing the order to eliminate her. And now finally, I have allowed them to arrive in Egypt.

140

This is already beyond the point of "I must not make light of them."

This is enough for me to regret my decision back then.

I should have dealt with them with more serious effort.— Whether that is "running" or "yielding," it is unavoidable that my search for the "way to get to

heaven" would be delayed.

Even now, I do not want to use the word "afraid."— But if I were to say that now, I do not feel it would run counter to the truth.

It is meaningless to bluff.

I must recognize it plainly. I must persuade myself.

Right now, I feel "anxiety."

And this anxiety is an obstruction in my life.

It is something like the antithesis of the meaning of living.

I am unprepared.

Humans— even I who has ceased being human, those that have surpassed humanity are no exception— humans, whoever they are, live in order to conquer fear and anxiety and gain peace of mind.

Gaining fame, control of others, and making money are all done for the sake of peace of mind.

Marrying and making friends are also all for the sake of reaching peace of mind.

Serving a purpose to others.

Striving for love and peace.

It is all for the sake of obtaining peace of mind.— Obtaining peace of mind is humanity's goal.

That is what I think.

In that case— If such "fear" and "anxiety" were formed with clear, unclouded "conviction," it would be converted into having "peace of mind," wouldn't it?

At the stage I was at several months ago, I was already wary of the Joestar bloodline.— But I was unable to make a decision.

141

I believe I was thinking that I did not know how to shift it.— Or perhaps because I thought that there was a very good chance that Enya's predictions would be correct and they would have simply been eliminated by "Strength" or one of the like.— No.

I did, as a matter of fact, think that the possibility was high.

That is why now I have this anxiety— or perhaps these feelings of instability.

Because I was not "prepared."

I become uneasy in situations I cannot predict.

So even if the future is bleak, or prospects are bad, if I understand that— I am able to take in the situation that is the present with calm feelings.

"Preparedness" is "heaven."

The more I think about it, the more I feel this thinking is correct.— That is because one of the things my mother always said seems to connect with it.

"Dio, no matter what happens, live nobly and with pride. If you do that, you'll surely be able to go to heaven."

Nobly and with pride.

It is because of in that place of my roots, there was "resolve," isn't it?—
As long as there was that "preparedness," perhaps even living that hellish life
in
that bottom-rung town could feel like heaven, couldn't it?

Heaven not filled with happiness.

Knowing heaven is joy itself.— Because if you know if it, that is enough
to have preparedness and resolve.

Heaven is the future.

It is tomorrow.

In that case, when is tomorrow?

It is at the place that the hands of the clock have advanced to.

142

"Geb's" N'Dour has been defeated.

The primary cause of his defeat was that he was opposed by "The Fool's"
Iggy.-- Well, I suppose with the battlefield being a desert, even that shrewd
tactician had difficult hurdles to overcome with his opponent being a Stand of
"sand."

But is that a coincidence? Merely a coincidence?-- It just so happened that when they had a battle in a desert, they just happened to have a Stand user of "sand" join their ranks?

The timing is far too good.

No matter how one tries to justify it, it is too big a coincidence.-- Then perhaps it is fate?

Perhaps good luck?— Certainly if his opponent had been Jonathan, I would have to acknowledge that it was good luck. I would also have to say that the fact that I survived for 100 years in the bottom of the sea is thanks to Jonathan's luck.

And it was thanks to his luck that I was brought up from the bottom of the sea within my lifetime.— Normally I would have simply rotted there in the depths of the sea.

Even in my battle a thousand years ago, if it had progressed normally, I would have won against Jonathan 1,000 out of 1,000 times.-- Even calculating the chance of losing would seem ridiculous, it was so low.

And yet, I lost.

I lost all of our fights.

And even now-- The one person I thought I had defeated, Mohammad Avdol, has survived. Ultimately, it must be fate.

In other words, something like "the future"— is still the Joestar family's

ally.

.However, it is not all bad news.

143

Although he is not fully retired, N'Dour successfully wounded Kakyoin, it seems.-- So at least for the moment, their fighting power has diminished.

I suppose I have to hand it to N'Dour.

If possible, I would like to have praised him directly, but he was killed so that is not possible.

I believe he was someone that had "preparedness."

He is a Stand user that gained his powers not from the "Bow and Arrow," but was born with them.— He knew that he could not get acclimated with the world around him.

And even so, he lived.

Not fearing anything, only relying on his Stand and doing all kinds of wicked things, he lived.

I respect the way he lived.

He may be dead now, but if he were alive, I expect Speedwagon might say that a man like N'Dour, a man who was born a Stand user and therefore unable to adapt to the world he was born into and strayed from the path of morality was also "born evil."

He was a man that had no room in his mind for sympathy, and was evil in a way that made one want to avert their eyes.-- He would kill without a second thought, eliminate without a second thought, discriminate, and tyrannize without a second thought.

I do not really consider myself some messiah of evil.— N'Dour called me such a thing, however. I only actually think that wicked people make for easier to handle and more powerful subordinates.

Merely that the more evil they are, the more capable they are as subordinates.

But those that discard people by just saying they were "born evil," those stuck-up types, really do make me feel something akin to anger.

In a word, I find them unpleasant.

It is also for the sake of people like N'Dour-- though of course I am the highest priority-- that I have to establish it.

144

The way to go to heaven.

For whomever they are.

Whether they are bad people-- or foolish people.

I must establish a way for getting to heaven.

As a being that has surpassed humanity— As the one that bears the "world" on his shoulders, it is my duty.

That is my "goal."

145

Pucci has come to Egypt a bit earlier than we had planned.

It seems he sensed the situation I was in in his own way.-- It is because he is capable of such concern that he can be my "friend." Perhaps. It is unlike me, but that is what I think.

However, he is at the very least the most viable candidate at the present moment. There is no man that is as "unselfish" and deeply devoted as him.

However, I am as of yet unsure if he will recognize the difference between the "heaven" his holy books have taught him and the "heaven" I speak of.

But I have faith.

I haven't done much in terms of having faith in other people, so I'm not entirely sure how to do it, but because it is for the sake of going to heaven, I will

do so with him.

My friend.

"I will trust to the bottom of my heart."

As expected, he still looked perplexed at what I said, but for now, there isn't time. I have informed him of the existence of this notebook.

I have told him that there is a notebook I've written "for the sake of going to heaven."

Though to be precise, as you can tell, it is still incomplete. But this is the first time I have informed another person about the existence of this notebook.

Enrico Pucci.

Are you reading these words right now?

I do not know under what circumstances you are reading this notebook. Nor even if I am still alive when that is happening. But if the thing called fate in this world is truly not exaggerated-- then there is a force of gravity that acts between people.

If something that could be called friendship exists between you and me-- no matter what form it may be in, you should be reading this book.

And you should know just what heaven is.

If you approve of my thinking.— I ask you.

I, Dio, bow my head and ask you.

The way to go to heaven.

No matter what happens, no matter what means you must use, no matter what sacrifices you must make— please carry it out.

I will carry it out.

I ask you to do so as well.

147

I got not quite emotional, rather just sentimental, so I have decided

to skip to the next page. Ridiculous. The way I was writing there made it seem as

if I was writing a will.

I have already been killed by Jonathan.

"Twice."

Haven't I?— And somehow, now I may be feeling something like a sensation that my "life is in danger."-- But such a thing is misapprehension. I am

not opposing Jonathan now. I am only opposing Jonathan's descendants.

I am only facing people who have "inherited" from Jonathan, not Jonathan himself. I should not have anything to be afraid of— anything to feel anxiety or fear about.

But let us say. Let us say for argument's sake that not long from now I was to be "defeated" by them.— That would be something I would not want to know in the form of some vague feeling of "apprehension," but rather with "certainty."

In that case, I could "prepare" myself.

I can fight with "resolve."

Just as naturally as after 10 o'clock comes before 11 o'clock— And after 11 o'clock comes 12 o'clock.

If one can see the future like the ticking of a clock-- if they can know of the future, then humans, anyone, can form a "resolve."

.Pucci quickly returned to America.

Now that Enya the Hag has died, there may no longer be any reason for me to be stealthy in my meetings with him, but now in place of Enya's surveillance, I have the Joestar group approaching me.

It would be unsavory for them to learn of Pucci.

I do not want them knowing Pucci has anything to do with me.-- We did not do it last time, but this time, just to be safe, I sent him home with a bodyguard.

148

The bodyguard's name is John G. A.

He is the user of a Stand called "Manhattan Transfer."— Like Kenny G. and Vanilla Ice, his Stand does not represent one of the Tarot Cards or one of the 9 Major Egyptian Gods. I would call him a "stray Stand user." And knowing him, he will be able to bring Pucci back to America without being detected by the Joestar group.

I have done all I can.

There is just a little more.

Just a little.

149

The Oingo and Boingo Brothers have been defeated.

And sadly, it seems they lost in a rather stupid way. I would rather

not record the details so I will refrain from doing so, but it seems that the elder brother, Oingo, misread the future predicted by "Thoth."

Regarding future prediction, as in knowledge of the future, Boingo's ability is the closest thing to what I seek. But as it only allows one to know of the very near future and it "allows for many interpretations," it is definitively, and fatally, insufficient towards the "method for going to heaven" which I am envisioning.

If one can know of the future, they can prepare themselves .

Those words Boingo spoke were not a lie, nor were they mistaken, but if the futures he shows have multiple interpretations, then unfortunately I must come to the conclusion that there is no way to form "resolve" regarding them.

—
Even if a hopeless future is shown, to try to forcibly interpret it as something positive, as something good for yourself, is surely the typical human reaction, is it not?

That is not good.

What I am envisioning is the knowledge of an absolute future.

Whether it is hopeless or hopeful-- an absolute future.

So for that reason, the "Thoth" Stand ability is not enough.— As the case may be, I had thought of borrowing his ability for constructing my "plan to go to heaven," but it seems that would now be difficult. Although...

It appears that the elder brother, Oingo— the user of the Stand with transformation abilities, "Khnum," is more or less retired. But Boingo-- perhaps because he had more "preparedness" than his brother, I believe will be able to fight again after a bit of recovery.

Alone, his Stand cannot fight at all, but.

If he forms a team with someone...

150

Oingo's ability is transformation, which also had no fighting power on its own.-- And I had him form a team with his brother because he did not trust anyone but him. But if someone who possesses a Stand with the power to kill joins forces with him...

If someone joins with Boingo, a Stand user with the ability to predict the future-- perhaps then it really would be possible to eliminatethejoestar group?

But the problem is who I should have him join with.

There really is no one that will form a tag team with a fellow Stand User besides Hoi Horse.Hm.

151

A watch.

I remembered. I suddenly remembered.

I feel like this is something I may forget again quickly, so I am going to hurry and write that down today. This is a memorandum after all.

100 years ago, or to be more precise, 108 years ago, I borrowed a watch from Jonathan.-- And I still haven't returned it.

It surely was caught in the fire that destroyed the Joestar mansion.

When I was not wearing a mask in front of Jonathan-- Not the stone mask, I mean the mask of being a good student-- I borrowed that "watch" in way much like stealing.

Thinking back, I think it was from then that my "Stand," "The World" was decided.—

"I intended to not give it back until it was broken."

Ever since that day when I took that watch from Jonathan, I was not going to return it until it stopped.-- But "stopping" is not enough.

Simply stopping time.

I must go until I can control the entire "world."

Not until I rule "all of the present."

And if I am to control "the future"— and "heaven," then my "The World" must progress forward another stage.

"Controlling time" is not enough.

"A Stand that makes time progress."

"A Stand that accelerates time."

But for that end... I must possess "courage."

The courage to temporarily discard "The World."

Will I be able to do that?

"Givers."

"Takers."

"Inheritors."

152

I must become none of those— a "discarder."

153

"Sethan," "Anubis," and "Bastet" have been defeated.

It feels like it keeps happening one after another.-- At this point, I do not anticipate reports of victory or accomplished missions. I personally scouted for the 9 Major Egyptian Gods, and am therefore certain they are exceptionally strong Stand users-- but it seems that the growth of the Joestar group is simply superior.

Or perhaps it's simply that I am not as good at issuing orders as Enya the Hag? Perhaps. Even if I have lived for over 100 years, the majority of those years were spent in the bottom of the sea.

I certainly cannot claim to be a seasoned veteran.

Speaking of seasoned veterans, it seems that Joseph Joestar's plan is what defeated Mariah— As I thought, he is merciless even if his opponent is a woman.

And a man that will mercilessly use cowardly tricks, crafty deception, and set traps in order to win.— Utterly different from Jonathan.

Merely being able to be "certain" of that means that her defeat had meaning to it, perhaps.— The real problem is Alessi.

His Stand ability allows him to make people "return to their youth." And when thinking about it, I thought today, truly today, that there are aspects of that resemble my ideals.

"The ability to redo a life."

If that is "resolve," then-- many humans would grow the same way, have the same failures, repeat the same mistakes, and likely lead the same sort of life even if they did their lives over again.

Then is "redoing one's life" useless?

I do not think so.

If one can redo their life— I think they should. Even if they do relive the same life.

They should go through that cycle many times over, don't you think?

154

In search of answering that question, I was very interested in his Stand - his Stand that allows one to return to their youth. But it seems his personality incurred Polnareff's wrath, and he was blown far away.

And is now in an irrecoverable state.

It's too bad, I suppose.

While the Joestar group does not know of my goal— my goal of "going to heaven," they certainly have found ways to get in my way of it with pinpoint accuracy.

Even if that is just a coincidence, it still puts me in a bad mood.-- I truly feel that I will soon have to go and eliminate them personally.

But I am still not fully adapted— I am not fully adapted to my body, to Jonathan. The left side's recovery ability has been a bit weak.

I am unprepared to fight against them, whom I have grown through fighting many, many battles. Though now that things have reached this stage, I feel I should have gone to strike them down at the very beginning.

However, there is no use in saying that now.

Moving the hideout will be done soon. To the bitter end, I will wait for

them-- like an emperor.

Speaking of emperors...

The one that brought me the news of Mariah and Alessi's defeat was Hoi Horse.

He really is an interesting man.

When I provoked him a bit, he tried to kill me with his stand, "Emperor."-- He pointed his handgun Stand at the back of my head.

Interesting.

The moment he tried to kill me, he didn't even sweat. Nor did he start breathing heavily. Incredible "resolve."

Those with "resolve" are beautiful.— That Hoi Horse is quite something.

Without thinking, I used my Stand.

155

I used "The World" to stop time.-- I displayed my ability. Quite a treat for him. Unexpectedly for a man like that, he left me alone standing there. Perhaps he will find himself in heaven soon?

At the very least, there is no one besides him- that came back alive after fighting the Joestar group.

Now that I think of it, that is some incredible luck.

While excellent, borderline rule-breaking Stand users like J. Geil and Enya the Hag were defeated nearby, he managed to survive using only a gun Stand.

I suppose that is the sort of world this is.

I believe I said this to Pucci at some point, but Stands really have no concept of strong and weak.

I have indirectly recommended that Hoi Horse pair up with Boingo, who should be released from the hospital soon.-- Knowing them.

Knowing their "preparedness."

Even if they cannot win, I am sure they will reach somewhere quite good.

Yes-- even if they cannot win.
Even if they lose.

156

In the city of Windnights, I healed and recovered my wounds, powered up, and also made zombies of prisoners from the prison and corpses of buried criminals to make powerful subordinates. I was endeavoring to create an army, but I did many things besides that as well.

I did what I did.— I did what I had to do. I did the things I had to the way

they had to be done. In other words, human experimentation.

I tried to learn the possibilities of the "stone mask."

And the possibilities of "immortality."

However, I never did the experiment of using the "stone mask" on others to see what happened.--I never actually did another experiment with the "stone mask" itself again. I decided that wearing the "stone mask" would be a privilege that only I would have.

It wasn't so much a precaution as it was just the natural conclusion to come to.

Even if I am an immortal vampire, if there are many like me, it loses value. The pinnacle is always beautiful because there is only one.— That is what I thought.

The experiments I did perform, for example, were ones like this:— Fusing the head of a human to the body of a dog, or the other way around. I tried putting together a zombie and a living human's body, and the other way around.

I placed snakes inside a corpse, and other such things.

At a glance, these experiments may seem like grotesque games, but I was not playing around in the least.— And those experiments actually bore fruit.

My head, that of a vampire, and Jonathan's human body.

The fact that that "fusion" came to fruition was caused by none other than those many experiments I performed.

My experiments came to life.

157

It is because of that when Jonathan ran his Ripple through me, I was able to unhesitatingly cut off my own head.-- Because I had proof that I would later be able to take over someone else's body.

I was able to go so far as to discard a body that had had the Ripple run through it.

And, to be perfectly honest, anyone's body would have been fine.—

There was no need to go so far as to take Jonathan's body.

And if I had just taken some ordinary person's, some weak person's body, then I may not have been sealed in the bottom of the sea for 100 years after that.-

-- But that is not what I did.

Even knowing that very well, I still wanted it.

Jonathan Joestar's body.

I wanted it very, very badly.-- That is just how much I respected Jonathan Joestar, my arch-enemy, at that time.

Especially his body.

I thought of that body as my own.

That is why-- I attempted to take it.

As a "taker," I decided I would take it.

And the result was that I was not mistaken in that thinking.-- If I get just a bit more adapted to this body, I will undoubtedly become me. No one else but me.

158

Daniel J. D'Arby has been defeated.

That natural-born gambler at onetime had reached the point where he had taken Jean Pierre Polnareff and Joseph Joestar's souls, but at what one might call the final stage, he was defeated by Jotaro Kujo.

From the reports I have received, it seems that the knowledge of the secret of my Stand-- "The World"-- became the cause of his defeat.

One of the rare soul-manipulating Stand users has been lost to me thanks to thejoestars.

It leaves me with a feeling of emptiness.

Despair as well.— It makes me feel that no matter what I do, the people of thejoestar family will find some way to defend against it. Or rather, there is a feeling of paranoia welling up inside me.

But at the same time-- I feel that the fact that the people of the Joestar family are, intentionally or not, trying to prevent my actions itself is a sign that the path I am currently walking on is not the wrong one.

I have the feeling that the fact that Jonathan Joestar is blocking my way - that beyond him is the "heaven" which I seek.

Soul-manipulating Stand users.

The primary candidate, Pucci, has already returned to America. So there will be no problematic delays in the actual plan. But I cannot deny that I have now lost one of the people that were my insurance.-- Furthermore, I do not want to lose the younger D'Arby brother.

Maybe just to be safe, I should send him out of the country as well?

No, I cannot do that.

No matter what I said to that proud young man, I doubt he would ever leave the mansion.-- Even if I told him the truth, about the "way to go to heaven,"

I expect he would say something along the lines of, "Then there is all the more reason for me to stay in the mansion. I must stay by your side." I can anticipate everything from the way he would say it to his facial expressions.

Though to be a bit more positive, compared to his older brother who had

a very flexible attitude, the younger brother is quite obstinate.-- And so as long as I do not pierce him with a "flesh bud," he will not listen to what I say to him.

Of course, because of his useful Stand and ability, I will not be using a "flesh bud" on him.

I have no choice but to let him do as he pleases.

I must maintain my non-interference policy.

I pray that Hoi Horse and Boingo eliminate the Joestar group. I am

ashamed to think this as someone who proclaims that he has surpassed humanity, but as I am now, that is all I can do.

There is truly little that I can do. And it has been since one hundred years ago.

160

As I have lost much leeway, I am giving up on writing things in a logical manner. I am not going to write from the points which I want to write from, but the points where I should write from.

The thing that I should write about above all else is the "Bow and Arrow." I suppose one could say that they are magical items that can draw out talent

from a human, or rather from a human spirit.— That is what the "Bow and Arrow" are.

Although, I have become in the habit of writing it that way was because that is how I referred to the idea when I discussed it with Enya the Hag. But the

"Bow" of the "Bow and Arrow" isn't really important.

What is important is the "Arrow."

Specifically the "Arrowhead."

If Pucci is the one reading this notebook, he has already "personally experienced it," so I do not think a very detailed explanation is necessary, but as

there is still a lingering possibility that that is not the case, I will describe the nature of the Arrow in detail. It should be a review for Pucci.

I have little time, so I will be brief.

Someone who is pierced by that "Arrow"— though in certain cases, when their "talent" is strong enough, just a slight scratch is enough— a "Stand" is drawn out from their spirit.

If someone with no "talent" is pierced by the "Arrow," even if it does not strike a vital point, they will lose their life.

Enya said, "The more fiendish a criminal they are, the higher the possibility of them surviving."

The logic surrounding that part is similar to the making of zombies, it seems.— Strong malice means a strong will, and that is linked to a strong spirit.

And that strength is pulled out in the form of a "Stand."— It is along

those lines.

161

I actually became a Stand user because of this "Arrow."-- I obtained "The World" and "Hermit Purple" simultaneously.

The one who originally obtained this "Arrow" is Enya the Hag.— She used a particular route or some such thing and one day, brought this "Arrow" to me.

She had already performed experiments.

Human experiments.

She had shot many humans with the "Arrow."-- She had brought about the creation of Stand users, sacrificed many, and while eliminating the Stand users that did not meet her expectations, she learned of its nature.

She even used herself, even with her advanced age, as a test subject, granting herself "Justice."

"Lord Dio," she said.

"What do you think?-- It certainly poses danger to your life, but I think you are one for which achieving it is 'expected'."

I had no reason to hesitate.

Or rather— I felt that having learned of the existence of such a "super

ability" that I did not know of 100 years earlier, I had to possess it.

Like if I were not a vampire, I would want to learn to use the Ripple.-- If possible, I wanted to "take" the Ripple that Jonathan "inherited" from Zeppeli.

That is why I accepted this, which was not the "Ripple" but a "Ghostly Ripple."

No matter what I had to sacrifice-- I wanted to obtain it.

Looking back on that decision now that several years have passed, it was incredibly risky. A risky gamble even the D'Arby Brothers may not undertake, but that gamble resulted in my victory.

What Enya the Hag said was correct.

So naturally, as if it was indeed expected,— I gained a "Stand." I acquired a "Stand"-- and a ticket to Heaven.

.No, I'm not sure about that.

Did I really win the gamble?

162

I certainly survived the trial of the "Bow and Arrow"-- I acquired that which I needed.

But, I am unsure.

While I have an immortal body, I undertook the risk of "death" and gained a "Stand" but— as a result of gaining it, Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo also gained the same power with no risk. So are they the true winners in this case?

Holly Kujo broke into a fever and is at death's door.-- Only her, the holy woman.

So in the end, Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo are "inheritors" as well.— They even "inherited" their Stands from Jonathan's body.

If back then, had I rejected Enya's offer and refused to possess a "Stand"-- then Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo, and of course Holly Kujo would undoubtedly not even have come to know of my existence.

At the very least, they were not aware of me during the time I was at the bottom of the sea.-- But if I had not obtained a Stand, I would not be able to find the path to heaven.

Without the time-stopping Stand, "The World," I would not have been able to deduce this much of the "way to go to heaven."

Advantages and disadvantages are two sides of the same coin.

I really am able to have everything go right.

Perhaps going to heaven does not have a big difference with going to hell. Perhaps while I am intending to go to heaven, I am actually heading towards hell?

If that is the case-- I do not mind.

Because I already know that hell is a better place than that town I grew

up in.

163

The person Enya the Hag bought the "Arrowhead" from was still a child, it seems. That boy excavated that "Arrowhead" in Egypt, apparently.-- I thought it might have been made by the same person that made the stone mask, but due to the discrepancy in geography of Mexico and Egypt, it seems that was not the case.

However, that boy piqued my interest.

Or rather—he is weighing on my mind.

If I have a chance, I would like to investigate him.

Now that Enya is dead, retracing that route will be difficult but I at least know that the boy's name was "Diavolo," so investigating him will not be impossible, I would think.

If there is gravity.

If there is gravity between that boy and me—I am sure we will meet.

Anyway, if that boy is alive, then he most likely became a Stand user via the "Arrowhead."-- "Stand users are drawn toward each other."

As long as I am alive, that is.

164

I have lost leeway. I can sense that Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo are close by even now.

I think it is likely an effect of having Jonathan's body.-- This is also the "Joestar family bloodline," I suppose. Our bodies respond to each other.

So that means it is not only me sensing their approach, but they are also likely sensing that I am nearby.

The Joestar descendants will be here soon.-- They are quite close to my second hideout.

It seems that the team of Hoi Horse and Boingo have not made contact with the Joestar group yet.-- Probably being completely carefree. I suppose that's

a distinctive characteristic of Hoi Horse, though. I can enjoy that attitude when there is a bit more leeway.

It is not as though running away is not an option-- as is joining up with Pucci on his way back to America, but realistically, I cannot run away.

And though a far cry from the younger D'Arby brother's desire to never run away, I do have some level of obstinance in not wanting to run away, but that is not what I mean, I realistically cannot.

As the person standing at the top of an organization, to do something as unsightly as running for safety when assassins are coming is not something I could expose to my subordinates.— Even if that was a necessary step in searching for the "way to go to heaven," making my subordinates understand my lofty goal would be a Herculean task.

I highly doubt I could explain all of the things I have written in this notebook, starting from my upbringing, in detail to them.

Why do you want to "go to heaven?"

Do you have to go? What is heaven exactly?— Even if I explained all these, I honestly do not know if they could really understand.

Having more people know about this like Pucci would makes me more uneasy.

165

I could manage to use the excuse of it being more efficient to ambush them this way for moving the hideout, but to leave Cairo with this timing, say nothing of leaving Egypt, would be capable of overturning this organization which Enya and I had built.

Currently— there are only a few Stand users I have in Cairo besides Hoi Horse and Boingo. The ones that can put up a fight against the Joestar group are Pet Shop's "Hors" and the aforementioned younger D'Arby brother.

As well as Kenny G. and Vanilla Ice whom I have summoned here.

In other words, everyone I currently have at the mansion.

It is possible that this mansion will be a battlefield in the near future.

If that happens, I'm going to have to find a hiding place for this

notebook. Depending on how things turn out, Joseph Joestar or Jotaro

Kujo, or perhaps Jean Pierre Polnareff or Mohammad Avdol (though not Iggy of course) could catch a glance at this note.

I must avoid that.

166

I noticed how I wrote, "I must avoid that" at the end of my entry yesterday, but is "that" really something I must avoid?

Let me think about it a bit.

Rather than just rejecting this idea outright, I'm going to do a bit of a

brain storm. This may just be an idea that's come to mind because so much

leeway has been lost, but I think that considering such a possibility will cool my head.

Essentially the idea is the choice of... "cooperating with the Joestar family."

This should be obvious, but they should have no idea what I am planning or what the goals I am working to achieve are. They are working only with the intent of saving their "daughter" and "mother."-- I highly doubt they are considering my side's circumstances at all.

So it's very likely that they are thinking that I am trying to dominate the world, like I did 100 years ago— or trying to stand at the pinnacle of humanity, something along those lines.

They've presumed such things about me.

That I am "evil" and I must absolutely be defeated, they have affirmed that I am a violent killer.-- That is fine.

I certainly cannot say it is off the mark.

I am "evil." The assassins I sent to kill them are also "evil."— The only exceptions were Kakyouin and Polnareff which I had controlled with the "flesh buds."

But they are different from Jonathan.

They are certainly not only moving on a sense of justice.— They have strong feelings towards justice, but it seems that their emotional desire to save Holly Kujo is far stronger.

In that case, if I can secure "Holly Kujo's life"-- then Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo will lose their reason for trying to defeat me, won't they?

So a deal would be possible, would it not?

With Joseph Joestar's, Jotaro Kujo's, Jean Pierre Polnareffs, Mohammad Avdol's, Noriaki Kakyoin's and Iggy's Stand powers, the "door to heaven" will open all the more, would it not?

As they are good people, their "souls" won't become the foundation for going to heaven, but it is undeniable that theirs are strong souls. But if Jonathan's grandson lent me his knowledge, my research would progress quite rapidly, would it not?

Peace between me, Dio, and the Joestar family.

Such a thing would be a historical compromise.

I would save their family.

And they would help me get to heaven.

It's quite ideal.— Too much so. The only thing I could think to describe it is "if that happened, then there would be no trouble."

Even for just brainstorming, that was quite an offbeat idea. First of all, the basic premise cannot actually happen.-- I can't think of any way to release Holly Kujo from her curse. Maybe if I put the stone mask on her and had its needles push on her brain; that would work. No, no, the stone mask no longer

exists.-- Well one may exist somewhere, but at the very least I do not have one.

And even if I had that option, I suppose I would be in conflict with those two, and the wholejoestar group.

Even if I try to reach a compromise, our natures are just too different. — There is no way a "taker" and "inheritors" could avoid conflict.

And most of all, I highly doubt that Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo have any interest in "the way to go to heaven."

Far from it. I expect that "inheritors" like them, living full lives, don't even have any desire to see "heaven" with their own eyes.

Now I've started to make pointless considerations when I have very little time. But I could not help but think about this. Especially not now that I have taken this body, it is something must consider.

168

If rather than the stone mask, had I worn the mask of an excellent student forever-- even if my nature hadn't changed, but rather than 7 years, it was 10, 20, or 50 years, and I always pretended to be a "good boy" to theJoestar family.

Perhaps there was also a possible future of building up thejoestar family together with Jonathan.

I've thought of it.

I've thought that such a "heaven" could have been. Surely-- George

Joestar would have died eventually even if it were not by poison. If I wanted fame, then making use of Jonathan's strengths would have been a very good plan.

Then why didn't I do that?

I took off the mask of the good student and put on the stone mask, didn't I?— I must not have seen that as allowable.

With their affluence, them being "haves"-- I could not forgive the Joestar family.

So in the same way, I will not forgive these people.

Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo will absolutely never forgive me, Dio.

To them, what I, Dio, "did" or "am doing" is completely irrelevant. They say my existence itself is "evil."-- And I, Dio, say that what they "did" or what they are "doing" does not matter, but I think that their existence itself is "evil," just the same way.

I said this to Jonathan 100 years ago as well.

Honestly, it's quite a relationship we've formed.

169

"Emperor," Hoi Horse.

"Thoth" Boingo.

They have both been defeated.-- Now it seems that every last one of the Stand users that I, Dio, had on hand, the "assassin" subordinates I sent to the Joestar group, have been defeated.

It is a rather refreshing feeling.

I feel like I can drop all bravado.

Yes, rather than bravado, I will speak of something better.

Hoi Horse was hit in the forehead by his own bullet and is now in an irrecoverable state. And Boingo's lost his spirit when he was bitten by Iggy.

But even so, I, Dio assess them to have gotten very close.— I assess them highly.

To speak plainly, they were very close to winning against the Joestar group-- but regardless, in the end, they "lost."

It was as if it were destined.

As if it was a pre-determined future-- they lost.

They were supposed to lose, so they lost.

I'm sure there was misinterpreting of "Thoth's predictions" and so forth, but ultimately, I think that the Joestar group's "resolve" was superior to that of the Hoi Horse and Boingo team.

They were surely looking at the "future."

Unconsciously-- they are gazing at the future with "resolve."

For that reason, they are close to "heaven." At the very least, much closer than Hoi Horse or Boingo or maybe even me.

Those who gaze upon heaven— gain victory.

In anything, against anyone.

Therefore, the true victors are the ones that have reached heaven.—
Though I will leave verifying that for a later day. A later day, if I have such time,
that is.— Just being bitten by a dog, just having his spirit broken by being bitten
by a dog, did not physically put Boingo in an irrecoverable state.

170

He will just have to spend sometime in the hospital. But if this situation with the Joestar group is resolved, then afterwards then perhaps I, Dio, will be able to make direct use of his Stand.

Considering Boingo's personality, that may be a bit drastic, but-- even so, if that is something necessary, I will do it. I will respond as necessary to what is necessary.

I have lost the majority of my close subordinates, but on the other hand, I have certainly gotten closer to heaven.

I am confident that I have.

With great resolve-- I am getting closer.

171

When they arrived at the city of Windnights-- when Jonathan Joestar, Will A. Zeppeli and that man Speedwagon arrived, it was when the burns I had suffered from Jonathan had healed for the most part.

In a way, they were a bit late, but as I had yet to completely take that city under my control, one could say they were very much in time. Either their timing was good or their luck was good.

When we confronted each other, Jonathan said this.

"Dio.Listen to what I have to say.

"I am ashamed of this as a gentleman, but in all honesty, I, Jonathan Joestar.

"For the sake of settling the score...!

"Dio! I will kill you!"

When I heard this gesture of defiance, the majority of my heart said "Ridiculous!" but I feel I must write in this notebook, the small remainder felt joy.

That Jonathan— thefactthat I made that man, Jonathan, who had always lived with the idea of being a gentleman in his heart, say such a thing made me feel some feeling of accomplishment.

This was certainly a time when I felt like I had accomplished something.

However, compared to Jonathan, I was a bit weak.— Compared to Jonathan, my amount of "resolve" was a bit lesser then.

If it is a good time to "speak honestly," if I am to be honest, I had some feelings that I did not want to lay violent hands on Jonathan.

I felt I had to kill him— the assets of the Joestar family which I had been trying to usurp had already all been burned away and even if I killed Jonathan now, I would likely not have inherited the Joestar family anyhow. But as he had learned the ways of the Ripple and was now getting in my way, I knew full well that I had to kill him.

But I had intended to leave eliminating him to my subordinates.

172

We were childhood friends and grew up in the same house like we were brothers. So the idea of killing Jonathan or turning him into the undead were not very entertaining to me.-- So I intended to leave the execution to my subordinates.

Compared to me with that mindset, Jonathan was far more solid in his determination.-- He stated definitively that he had no feelings of guilt towards me, Dio.

It was quite an impressive thing to say.

But it's likely that that was actually true.

When he said that, at that point, it was not a pure confrontation

between justice and evil.— Through the power of the stone mask, I, Dio had become a predator, and mankind was defending itself as a life form in this battle.

I may have appeared to be wicked to them, but I only saw them as food.-
- And in that respect, if there was no good, there was no evil either.

I could not object to calling it a dispute between organisms.

So for Jonathan to then start shamelessly talking about justice and morals, I did not even think of it as ridiculous. I saw this person as not even worth opposing and almost disappeared— but because of Jonathan's emotional yelling, I accepted his challenge.

The result was, unfortunately, that I lost.

.Though, it was not really unfortunate because my head still

remained.

173

Pet Shop has disappeared.

I have heard many stories of an animal leaving its owner when it knows it's time to die, but I think that is unrelated to this instance. That hawk most likely attacked intruders of the mansion in order to remove them as per its orders— and was killed by them.

From what I know about the situation, I believe the one that defeated Pet Shop was "The Fool's" Iggy. A battle between two animal Stand users.

Animals have "souls" as well.

I would have liked to see the image of those "souls" fighting head to head—I wonder if such a thing would be possible using the "Bow and Arrow"? If one just keeps piercing every animal one can get their hands on with the "Arrow."

However, there would be a large risk involved in giving Stands to animals with low intelligence. Depending on what ability they obtain, who knows what could happen? It is possible a large biohazard could develop.

I will set that idea aside for now.

It is now likely that the Joestar group has discovered my location. Well, Joseph Joestar possesses "Hermit Purple" just as I do, so he would eventually have been able to reach this place through his "spiritual photography" power anyhow. So it is only a matter of sooner or later.— Once again, and for the purpose of persuading myself as well, I write that I, Dio, will not run nor hide.

I will meet my enemy in this mansion.

Just as I did 100 years ago.

When looking at Pet Shop's "ice" Stand, I cannot help but remember a technique I once used, "Vaporization Freeze Technique."

I suppose you could call it a technique I created in order to oppose the Ripple techniques. It is a technique performed through manipulation of the vampire body. Essentially, by vaporizing the moisture inside my body, I can "freeze" another body.

I am still certainly able to use it now, but as my body is now that of Jonathan's— it is currently difficult for me to control perfectly. And more importantly, the Vaporization Freeze Technique is not very useful in a Stand battle.

Unlike Pet Shop's "Ice Missiles" and such, it cannot freeze an enemy Stand.

Therefore, much like the Ripple techniques, it would be correct to call it "a technique of the past."

Similar to how now that I have acquired "The World," the Ripple is no longer a threat, and for Stand users that fight with their spirits, their "souls," my Vaporization Freeze Technique and the "Space Ripper Stingy Eyes" technique which was named by a Ripple user, are no longer threats.

The past.

I do not mind. What's past is past.

What truly matters is the "future."-- "Fleaven."

Eventually, even my Stand "The World" will become a thing of the past.

Soon, this century-long fated connection of mine with the Joestar family will be in the past as well.— I will make it so. It must be.

Noriaki Kakyouin's injured eyes are now fully healed and he has rejoined the Joestar group, I have heard. What incredible timing...

Is this gravity as well?

Gravity between people.

175

I think calling it a "connection" fits best.-- Thinking about it now, my connection with Noriaki Kakyouin is similar to the connection between the Joestar family and I...

In that they are both "bizarre."

If I am in an environment in which I can write in this notebook again tomorrow, I think I will write on that subject.

On gravity.

And with that, this notebook will be for the most part complete.

Their forces are Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo, Jean Pierre Polnareff, Mohammad Avdol, Noriaki Kakyouin, and Iggy the dog.

My forces are first me, Dio, Vanilla Ice, Kenny G., Terence T. D'Arby.

and I suppose I should mention the zombie, Nukesaku.

I am already at a loss in terms of numbers.

I am repeating myself, but in war, numbers are the most crucial element.— However, if I think carefully about it, I, Dio, have the body of Jonathan Joestar and the head and brain of Dio and two people's worth of a "soul."

I have two Stands, which is extraordinary.

In that case, one could say we are equal in numbers, 6 to 6.

And with that mere consolation, I will end today's entry. Though Jonathan's body should really be their ally, after all.

176

It was Dire, wasn't it?

The name of the Ripple warrior who stabbed my right eye back then.— I had used my Vaporization Freeze Technique to freeze and break him, leaving him as just a head, yet he still ran the Ripple through a "rose" he had in his mouth and shot that rose into my right eye.

If it were not for that man's attack, I do not think I would have lost to Jonathan after that.— If I was in perfect condition, if I did not have that blind spot in my vision, while I cannot say I am absolutely certain, I believe I would have been able to overpower Jonathan.

That is how large the difference in power between us was.

.This is not a grudge, like "if only it wasn't for that Dire person."

No, I am writing an account of the unshakable fact that "Jonathan had a comrade called Dire."

When they arrived in Windnights, there were only three of them.— Yet when they reached me, there were several Ripple warriors with them.

Like how Noriaki Kakyoin arrived in time.

Those Ripple warriors arrived in time.

I fully believe that such good timing was due to the "gravity" between people.

I think when I first met Pucci, I talked with him about such a thing.

"Do you believe in 'gravity'?"

"That there might be a reason why you tripped over me?"

"Is the thing we call meetings not 'gravity'?"

"I do not know what sort of impression you've had of me— but I am traveling seeking 'meetings'."

Why do people meet?

That is the theme.

The theme of life, heaven's theme.

After that, Pucci met with some very difficult times due to that "meeting," it seems.-- He lost his "little brother" and "little sister" in the worst way he could have imagined.

It was then that he gained his rare Stand ability, "White Snake."-- So one could say that if it were not for that tragedy, he could not have obtained that Stand.

I understand his feelings.

If I had not met Jonathan-- If I had not been taken in by the Joestar family, then I would most likely not have a life like this.

Because I would never have found the stone mask and such.

Or the Bow and Arrow.

No, not that— I have confidence that my meeting with him is what allowed me to become a person like this, and how I came to be something more than a person.

And if it weren't for me, I think the Joestar family would have collapsed anyhow.-- If he had not "met" me, Jonathan would not have grown as a human the way he did.

His life would likely have ended with him forever being a spoiled brat.

He probably would have "inherited" George Joestar's fortune, become an

archaeologist or some such thing, and slovenly spent his fortune.-- That is what I think.

For me, a person that cannot help but look towards the "future," the act of looking back at the "past" does not have much meaning. But when I do look back and everything seems like it was inevitable, like the pieces of an incomprehensibly complex puzzle being put together, I cannot see it as anything but the result of people being drawn together.

Fellow stand users are drawn to one another.

And fellow humans are drawn to one another as well.— And as a result of being drawn together, Jonathan and I even became one body.

Yes.

That is why "gravity" is important.

178

The most important keyword for going to heaven.-- I believe that the final piece of the puzzle will be to control "gravity."

"Gravity" and "time" are intimately connected.

Then if I want to further control "time"-- I must control "gravity."

But how?

I have a feeling that boasts of a difficulty equal to controlling "meetings."

Can one even control "meetings" at all.? Can one control "fated connections"?

If they can't...

Can I be "prepared" for that?

This connection that I have dragged with me for 100 years-- is drawing closer to me at every moment.

179

They have appeared.

Thejoestar group have finally, without missing a single person, appeared at my mansion.-- Iggy the dog's forepaw has been injured, but as I would expect from a wild creature like him, it does not seem that it will be a hindrance to him in battle.

My foe has reached here without missing a single person.

And in contrast, I have as of now, if you count Jean Pierre Polnareff and Noriaki Kakyoin, lost 25 excellent Stand users.-- Such things are not comparable with simple addition and subtraction, but no matter how one tries to justify it, I cannot deny that I feel that my efforts have been disproportionately unfruitful.

Just how far do those people intend to go to save one woman?-- Or do

they perhaps think that the lives of many villains is "cheap" compared to a holy woman?

I intend to gather 36 "souls" to be the foundation for going to "heaven," but-- just what exactly are they trying to do by trampling over 25, or possibly even more, people?

Saving a daughter, saving a mother.

I wonder what they intend to do after that?

.Well, most likely I won't have a chance to ask them such a question.

According to a report from Nukesaku, the younger D'Arby brother has separated them into two groups.— He is opposing the group of Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo, and Noriaki Kakyoin in the basement alone.

He is as confident as ever.

Hopefully, that will not come back to bite him.-- That man is more spiritually fragile than his older brother.

As he can read minds, he lacks toughness.

Weakness of spirit is linked to weakness of one's Stand as well as weakness of "preparedness."

180

.This has happened in the afternoon, so I am a bit tired.

I'm going to take a nap.

Hopefully, everything will be resolved by the time I awaken.— However, I am not optimistic. I must "prepare" myself as well.

"Prepare" for the "future."

181

I was woken up by Vanilla Ice.

I was awoken from sleep.

And I was awoken to the news that the younger D'Arby brother was defeated by thejoestars.— As he was employed as my butler I should say this was to be expected, but it seems he lost after being very close to victory. He had been successful in capturing Noriaki Kakyoin's "soul," it seems. But he failed to follow through to the end.— It seems his "resolve" was not strong enough.

TerenceT. D'Arby.

A man who was able to see and take hold of souls.

The D'Arby younger brother was a genius.

Unmistakably a genius.

I can say, impartially, that he truly had the ability to win.

I believe theoretically he could have won.

And yet— he lost.

Yes, he was bound to lose.

That is undoubtedly because of his resolve, his resolve was weaker. The problem, and cause of his defeat, was utterly the amount of his resolve.

With him gone, as far as I know the only Stand that can control "souls" is Pucci and his "White Snake" Stand alone.— His significance, his importance, has just gone up for me.

I do not know to what degree he feels "friendship" for me— and whether or not I can consider him a "friend whom I trust from the bottom of my heart" is still absolutely unsure, but now, whatever the case, he is becoming indispensable for the goal of going to "heaven."

Speaking of which, what about Vanilla Ice?

Vanilla Ice of "Cream."

Even without piercing him with a "flesh bud," and certainly not having turned him into a zombie through sucking his blood, that man has what I

182

suppose I could call an abnormal level of loyalty towards me. Enough to do things

like cut off his own head. I wonder if that loyalty could be substituted for resolve?

I do not know.

I do not know whether that is "resolve" or not.

Could one equate abnormal loyalty with resolve and preparedness?

Or are they two completely different things?-- Is that loyalty merely something unsuitable for heaven?

I suppose that will become clear in the results.

Because he cut his head off for my sake, I had to zombify him in order to revive him, so I cannot deny that in exchange for an exceptional jump in bodily

fortitude, there is a possibility that he will have an extreme loss in Stand power.-

- But I do hope that he has something that can overcome that.

183

And as I wrote that, I received another report from Nukesaku. One of the two teams formed when the group divided, the team of Jean Pierre Polnareff, Mohammad Avdol, and Iggy defeated Kenny G., it seems.

Now the illusions set throughout the whole mansions have been rescinded.

And now, the only "illusion" stand remaining is, as far as I know, Enrico

Pucci's.-- However, it seems that just after Kenny G. lost, Vanilla Ice has "done" it.

Mohammad Avdol— the "flame" Stand user, has been swallowed into his subspace, it seems. This time there is no room for the possibility of any unwanted surprised like "he's actually still alive."

After 26, no, 27, consecutive losses and sacrifices, we have finally managed to snatch a precious win from them.— And the timing could not have been more last moment.

Vanilla Ice is now opposing Polnareff and Iggy.-- With his Stand ability, he should certainly be able to eliminate them as well.

After giving the report, Nukesaku has gone to eliminate the Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo, and Noriaki Kakyoin team.

He is a zombie and not a Stand user, so I did not think he could oppose those three, but seeing that we've come this far, I could not stop him.

Nukesaku.

He is also a zombie with which I used my "combining technique."-- Like how I am a hybrid between Jonathan's body and my head and brain, he is a zombie with the design of having a woman's face "affixed" to the back of his head.

My experiment to see if a zombie could possess several souls was a failure, it seems. There may no longer have been any meaning in performing experiments on vampires and immortals-- but still, one could say that Nukesaku was the product of my last such experiment.

He is a man with essentially no fighting ability and, to be perfectly honest, he is rather useless. But I have a strange sense of affinity for him.

Perhaps I should say I just cannot hate him. Unlike the younger D'Arby brother or Vanilla Ice, he lacks loyalty, so if he loses to the Joestar group, I'm certain he'll betray me.

But until that point when he betrays me, I must respect him as one of my precious underlings.

Him, a man that goes off to fight on his own will.

Him, whom I am connected with by meeting him in this world I reached after 100 years.

I cannot stop him.

.Hm, I've just thought of something. I will write it down just for fun.—

100 years ago, I made many two-faced zombies like Nukesaku.

I frequently would perform tests in which I would "combine" two separate lives into one.-- Though to be honest, I had not distinctly hypothesized the event of my losing my body.

Among those tests, as part of a large amount of trial and error, I believe I had an experiment involving "replacing the hands of a zombie with the hands of

a human." This was 100 years ago so I cannot remember all that clearly, but-- in that process of trial and error, I may have made a careless mistake in which I created a human with two right hands.

And that may have been similar to Enya the Hag.-- While even if it was not Enya the Hag herself, it may have been someone related by blood, or some such thing.

If that is the case, then I have a deep connection with the witch who taught me about Stands reaching back long ago.— I am making assumptions upon assumptions now. This is sounding a bit absurd and I have no way of verifying it.

But if I am to hypothesize, I could certainly see it as possible that my meeting with Enya, the person who awakened me from my 100 year seal, was guided.

185

The treasure hunters that stupidly mistook my casket on the ocean floor as a treasure chest or something naturally became one of my hundreds or thousands of slices of bread. Yet those were only a few people. Only three or four people's worth of nutrients. Not something I could say could cure the hunger in my stomach that had been empty for 100 years.-- And it was located in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

With the midday sunlight pouring down, even if I was riding inside a

cabin cruiser, I could not hide completely.-- If Enya the Hag had been just a few days later in meeting me, I would likely have completely dried up.

Either because of the sun or because of hunger.

Enya's coming to get me on the sea like that was, yes...

"I learned it from a tarot card reading.--"

That is what she said, though I did not believe it.

There were people who knew that a hundred years ago the monster that is me sunk into the sea in that area 100 years earlier.-- I thought she simply heard that information and spread a net. I even had the conjecture that the treasure hunters may have been her subordinates.

It was no result of fortune telling.

She merely had some ambition and was looking for an opportunity, I thought.-- But it seems I was reading too much into things.

Shetold me.

While for me it was if I had suddenly been transported to the future from 100 years earlier, she gave me knowledge of the present and most importantly, shetaught me about Stands. When I asked her just what it was she was after, this is what she answered:

"My desire is to be by your side.

"Stands are guardian spirits.And your guardian spirit possesses an

incredible power! That is the effect of leading a strange life with very bad luck.

"I want to see your life!

"That alone is enough for me."

Perhaps that really was all.

186

Perhaps she-- was not a sacrifice resulting from an experiment I performed, but a test subject--.

If it was not for her, I surely would not have been able to adjust to "the world of 100 years in the future."-- That is how much the "world" has changed in these 100 years.

In those 100years-- "time" has "accelerated."

She described Stands as guardian spirits, but-- the Stands are purely souls. For me, perhaps Enya the Hag was my guardian spirit?

I had sometimes thought that.

Anyhow, those experiments were not in vain.-- I have now taken control of Jonathan's body.

And they should still serve a purpose into the future.

In order for my "friend" and I to become one body.— The many sacrifices of that trial and error will be the foundation for that— that unique man, Nukesaku, included. It was absolutely not useless.

Not useless.

187

Although, as I have said, my subordinates are handling it, with enemies who intend to kill me having entered the mansion, I cannot say I have not questioned the idea of nonchalantly writing in a notebook like this is the best thing to be doing. But I am now going to continue writing in this notebook in order to prove why the Joestar group is of no importance to me.

I was woken by Vanilla Ice, by his loyalty. Sometimes it oddly keeps me awake.

I am at least wakeful in a way that makes me feel like I am making progress more so than usual.— Ideas are becoming clear. This may be an effect of the Joestar bloodline. Perhaps with his grandson so close, Jonathan's boy is becoming active and it is having a good effect on my brain.

In that way, Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo are indirectly helping me with my "way to go to heaven."

If that is the case, then I must not let this chance slip away.

Before my subordinates— or perhaps I, myself, eliminate Joseph Joestar

and Jotaro Kujo, I must collect as many of my ideas as I can.— My ideas for going to heaven.

While my mind feels clear, I will switch to a new page and search my memories. My final memories. My memories from after I was defeated by Jonathan Joestar's Ripple and my body was blown away.

188

"As long as they have conviction, there is nothing a human can't do!

"Humans grow.-- I'll show you!"

And with that witty remark, Jonathan broke through my Vaporization FreezeTechnique by covering his gloves in flames, and ran the Ripplethrough my body.

When I was blown back by the impact, I cut off my own head, I suppose somewhat like what Vanilla Ice did earlier, in order to protect my head and brain.

I had already tested the fact that I could survive as just a head bytesting the theory on zombies.— And also I knew that if I could get someone's body, I could have a full body once again.

And as I have already written, the only body I considered for making my own wasjonathan Joestar's.

Therefore, I waited for a prime opportunity.

An opportunity in which the other Ripple warriors and Speedwagon

would not interfere, a moment when I could fight Jonathan one-on-one.

Of course, as just a head, I had some feelings of not wanting to be seen in front of people— but I also had a desire to talk to Jonathan Joestar man-to-man. I wished to have an honest talk with him beyond all status and connections.

However, I brought a subordinate zombie with me and Jonathan was in the middle of his honeymoon, so I could not be purely one-on-one with him.

Understandable.

I had become just a head so I could not move on my own.— And ultimately, Jonathan is one blessed by "meetings," so there is always someone nearby him.

Back then, it was that holy woman-- Erina Pendolton.

Though she had changed her name to Erina Joestar.

I learned in a newspaper about their honeymoon boat en route to America.—

I thought it unlikely we would be interrupted on a boat.

189

That my taking of Jonathan's body would not be interrupted.-- That was what I predicted, and as it turned out, that prediction was correct.

And even if it was not-- if I had made a mistake, a boat is a place a vampire should avoid, I suppose.

There is a special quality of vampires that we cannot cross running water.— There is also that we are weakened by crosses and dislike garlic and such, but those are all just myths to me. However, on this occasion only, I perhaps should have heeded those superstitions.

After I lured Jonathan down to a cabin below the ship's deck, I hit him with two shots of "Space Ripper Stingy Eyes."-- It was something of a sneak attack.

I was no longer able to use the Vaporization Freeze Technique as just a head, so if Jonathan had made the first move, I would have had no chance at victory.— But while that may be, I was the one to make the first move. I had no intention of making Jonathan suffer nor certainly to torment him.

I aimed for between his eyes in order to end his life instantly without inflicting any pain.-- But his body twisted and avoided that, so my attack merely pierced Jonathan's throat.

Although, by shooting his throat, he could no longer breathe. And therefore he could no longer harness the Ripple.-- So at that moment, my victory was certain.

It should have been certain.

The reason why, in the end, it was taken to what I call a draw-- is because at that moment, Erina entered the cabin.

A bad feeling she had, perhaps?

Or maybe it was the bond of husband and wife?

Or perhaps there was "gravity" enacting between the two of them?— Anyhow, the moment I shot Jonathan, she arrived.

And Jonathan "exploded."

For the first time, Jonathan displayed an explosive power-- that I was
afraid" of.

190

How ironic.

That Erina, the one that made Jonathan grow, who first made him grow
as a human-- that person who enraged me, would interrupt in Jonathan and
my
final confrontation.

And for her to have guided Jonathan from near defeat to a draw, I think
there can be no greater irony.

My mistake was challenging Jonathan on a boat, something that is a
weakness to vampires. I've made jokes like that, but if I'm being honest, my
mistake was really that I underestimated Erina Pendolton. No, Erina Joestar.

The article that reported the destination of their honeymoon specifically
wrote her name as Mrs. Joestar and showed a picture of her.

When I saw that article, I realized that it was Erina, the girl I had met
back then.— And yet I focused my attention only on making sure that the
Ripple
warriors and Speedwagon would not get in my way. I carelessly forgot how
important she was to Jonathan Joestar and me, Dio.

Noble, proud.

She was like a holy woman, like my mother.— I should have recognize how much of a presence she had for me, for Jonathan, for us.

Especially as Erina Joestar.

At that point, she was a member of thejoestar family.— She had become one of them.

Jonathan mustered one final Ripple.

It was not a Ripple harnessed from his breath.

It was harnessed from his life force-- a Ripple made from his "soul."

That may have been a Ripple he inherited from Will A. Zeppeli.— He used that Ripple to manipulate the zombie subordinate I had brought with me to stop the boat's paddlewheel, it's screw shaft.

That was the ruin of the manipulated zombiethat once was the Chinaman who sold me the Eastern drug, the poison that I fed to my father and adoptive father, Wang Chen.— Even there, I could not help but feel a strange connection, or rather, "gravity."

191

He used the zombie's, Wang Chen's, superhuman strength to stop the shaft which resulted in the steam inside the pistons having no means of escape, which in turn caused pressure to build-- because he had planned to make the entire ship itself explode.

This was not something I think could have been made up instantly.

He was planning to blow himself up.

He was a man who did not yield until the very, very end.-- But this was surely a bitter decision for him. Regardless of me, Wang Chen, and the zombies

inside the ship which Wang Chen had created, there were many surviving passengers aboard that ship that he killed as well.

I suppose he judged it better than letting me, Dio, loose in the world.— Nevertheless, I'm sure he had some conflict about it.

The choice of sacrificing innocent people.

For him, that must been very difficult.

But even so, he tried to at least allow Erina to escape.

Erina ran up to him, truly a holy woman.

"I have no idea what is happening.

"Th... This is beyond my imagination. I don't know whether to cry, scream, or faint."

With that preface, she said this.

Erina Joestar said this:

"But there is only one thing I can say.

"Erina Joestar is going to die with you."

I was not surprised by those words.

I am sure my mother would have said the something.

192

And, as I have been writing this, Vanilla Ice been annihilated, it seems.

Yes, annihilated.

Not defeated or killed or some such thing.— With Vanilla Ice turned into a zombie by my blood, it is likely that the sun's light has left him annihilated without a trace.

While I would not call it a "blood connection," but even outside his loyalty, with my connection to him as master and servant, I could tell that Vanilla Ice has been annihilated without receiving a report from anyone.

But then, with Nukesaku heading for Joseph Joestar's team, I no longer have a single subordinate to report "the annihilation of Vanilla Ice" to me.

Losing a subordinate of the caliber of Vanilla Ice is quite a serious

blow. And for his end to be "annihilation," I suppose I should say that a downside to turning him into a zombie showed itself.

A downside has surfaced with all of my actions.

However, I cannot call this a mistake— fate was merely on their side. Even I am an ally of the Joestar bloodline.— Or perhaps still being not fully

adapted to this body, Jonathan's body, I am perhaps naturally choosing actions that are beneficial to them.

I am certainly a bit agitated.

And while I am not in a disgraceful panic. With my subordinates

killed, my trusted retainers eliminated, by mansion exposed, myself left alone, and now being in this exposed state, I of course am not pleased.

But even in this situation-- this desperate situation, I am sure that because of what I can anticipate, I can face it with "resolve."

If this was a future I'd seen and understood, then I think I could meet it without any agitation.

I suppose it really is "heaven."

I must see "heaven"— go to "heaven" and become a true winner. I must take victory.

193

.Even if he was annihilated, with that ability of Vanilla Ice's-- I am

sure he at least was able to finish off either Polnareff or Iggy. And if not, I believe

that he should have at least inflicted significant injuries on them.

And even if they both survived— regardless of how intelligent he is, Iggy is a dog. In actuality, Polnareff is basically alone.

I feel it may be useless, but.

I think I will challenge him.

Polnareff has moved separately from Joseph Joestar and Jotaro Kujo. And now that he is alone, this is a chance I may not have again.

If there is a gravity which causes people to meet one another.

One could surely say that such a gravity exists between Polnareff and me as well.— Even if I cannot form an alliance with the Joestar family, with the majority of my subordinates gone now, I would be quite thankful to have Polnareff come back to me.

Kakyoin is currently moving with the Joestar group, so even if negotiating with him is impossible. Jean Pierre Polnareff.

If I had not used the "flesh bud" to control him, he would have no direct grudge against me.-- He has already eliminated the one he had a grudge against,

J. Geil, with his own hands. And most notably, unlike Noriaki Kakyoin, he has not personally met Holly Kujo.

So depending on how I negotiate, it may be possible to win him over to my side. If I can do so before he meets up with the Joestars again.

I think I will do so.

I hope to have good news when I write the next page.

It didn't work.

I was flatly rejected.— And to be honest, I, Dio, cannot even imagine what he was dissatisfied with.

Perhaps he's drunk on his sense of justice?-- Or perhaps he is shifting his grudge regarding his little sister being killed onto me?

I suppose that is possible.

Even though he has directly gotten revenge on J. Geil, that will not bring his little sister back. Therefore his grudge would not be absolved completely. So perhaps his remaining hatred is now pointed towards me because J. Geil was my subordinate. With him not knowing Holly Kujo at all, I cannot think of any other reason for why he would reject my offer.

In other words, for Jean Pierre Polnareff— perhaps his little sister Sherry is, like Holly Kujo or my mother, is a "holy woman."

Sherry.

I believe that name means "beloved" in French. So in the end, it

seems that I, Dio, am always being defeated to that "love" idea.

Love of parents.

Love of family.

Love for humanity.

.No.

I, Dio, have not yet lost.

Regardless of what happened 100 years ago-- All that happened was that my invitation has been turned down by Jean Pierre Polnareff, an excellent Stand user.

That is not defeat.

However-- it does mean that "gravity" did not act in my favor.
Depending on how it was timed, he should have become good friends with me.
Yes, if only the timing was different.

.Timing?

195

No, wait, that is not right. The word timing essentially means "time."—
But was that really all? If I say it was time, then I should be able to control it.

One could say that my "The World" has the ability to control time.—

And yet, I am in this predicament.

Then what is important here is not timing or "time."

Strictly speaking, "time" is not the only thing that is important.— There is something that is just as, if not more, important.

That is "location."

Like the lobby, the "location," where I was just happened to be punched by Jonathan when blood flew onto the stone mask.— Like how the "location" I

fell just happened to have a goddess statue there. And how it just so happened that the "location" where I targeted Jonathan's body was the ocean.—

"Location"

holds a large significance.

The final thing I require is— "location."

196

Anyhow, I am out of time.

I will calm down and turn to a new page. I must calm down for now.

Do not get excited.-- Yes, this is no situation to be on a high. I am always tripped up at times like this, aren't I? Ah, yes. Enrico Pucci said that at times like this, it is a good idea to count prime numbers. Prime numbers are solitary numbers that cannot be divided by anything but 1 and themselves.

Solitude gives one strength.

I will enumerate the prime numbers.

2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 17, 19, 23, 29, 31, 37, 41, 43, 47, 53, 59, 61, 67, 71, 73, 79, 83, 89, 97— hmm.

It doesn't seem to be working as well as he said it would.

But anyhow, I must calm down now.

First, I will conclude the story from 100 years ago.

While Polnareff rejected the chance I offered to him, if I was able to speak to him a bit longer-- If I had demonstrated the just how unparalleled my Stand, "The World" is to him a bit more, there is a possibility he would have yielded but...

"Gravity" pulled him towards his comrades.

Joseph Joestar, Jotaro Kujo and Noriaki Kakyoin broke through a wall. And with the rays of the sun at his back, Jean Pierre Polnareff rejoined their group.

With the light of the sun being an inexorable weakness of mine, I had to temporarily move from that "location."

Even with Kenny G.'s illusions gone, this mansion has a considerably complex construction.— They will not be reaching me soon.

However, it seems that Kakyoin has put Nukesaku in a bag and is bringing him with them, (it may be to protect him from the sun, but it is a rather cruel thing to do), so it is likely that they will reach me in the near future.

So before that, I must finish writing about my "discovery." I am not afraid of Joseph Joestar or Jotaro Kujo as individuals, but utterly the Joestar bloodline that I am wary of.— Like I should have 100 years ago.

The holy woman, Erina Joestar.

That holy woman, the first and last person to interfere with my plans back then, was determined to die with the man she had partnered with, Jonathan.

Even if she had vowed to accompany him in sickness and health, joy and sorrow-- I doubt she vowed to die with him as well.

This was a woman that was, for the sake of a man who had saved her once as a child-- going to throw away her life.

Astoundingly foolish.

That was pure, honest, and beautiful.

But hopelessly foolish.

I thought, once again, that she was, truly, like my mother.— And this stirred up great hatred in me.

Therefore, I could not forgive her.

I could not allow such a woman to cuddle up with my body-- Jonathan's body.

When that never was done to me...

Why— would she do it to someone like him?

Mother.

Mother.

Mom.

"My mother, also."

Jonathan said that.

He pointed to the corpse of a woman right next to them who seemingly had been running from zombies and, in the end, fallen down a staircase and was hugging a baby.-- And he said this.

"That woman. She is a mother who died covering her child.

"My mother. died doing the same thing.

"Take that child. take it and run, quickly!

198

"It's okay to cry. But you have to live."

The woman was dead.

But the baby was still alive.

So Jonathan told his wife-- to save it. He asked that of his wife who was consigned to dying with him.— What an oblivious man.

But it was his obliviousness that made him Jonathan Joestar.

My lifelong archenemy.

The only man I have ever respected at that point.

And while I hated him-- And while I feel irritation towards his descendants, I respect them. It is for that reason, all the more, that I tried to take his body.

Because at the very end, he went from being an "inheritor" to being a "giver."-- Erina, that holy woman, followed those words with tears in her eyes.

The words of a dying man. The words of a loving man.

She could not have refused.-- Then I, as just a head, mustered the last of my strength as Jonathan had just done and shot blood vessel needles at Jonathan. Erina moved away from Jonathan's body at about the same time, I believe.

I do not have a good memory of what happened after.

All memory of it has left me.

I do not even remember the sound of the boat exploding.

Jonathan and I, perhaps it was only at that moment, having transcended life and death, may have finally established feelings of friendship. I have gotten a bit sentimental, so I turned to a new page in order to collect myself.

It would seem that Nukesaku is, in a traitorous way, reading between the lines and guiding the joestars to incorrect places.— However, I really doubt that

Nukesaku thinks that I am writing such a notebook at a time like this.

He also doesn't know about the many hidden passageways in this mansion.-- So while I could write about the endless parts of this building, it is the room at the top of the tallest tower which he is likely guiding them to, and that is where I'm going to go.

Anyhow, at this rate, him being eliminated by the Ripple via Joseph or some such thing is a foregone conclusion for that man. I, Dio, will teach him that

personally.— It is an immortal body. So if he is lucky, he may even survive.

Now then, I mentioned how I do not remember what comes after this very well, but to be precise, I really have no idea what happened after this. Even

if I am to theorize, there seems to be contradictions.

From my current perspective, having actually taken Jonathan's body, I know for a fact that I did successfully "take" his body.-- One way or another.

And not only having taken it, but being "alive"-- From the perspective of having spent 100 years in a casket at the bottom of the sea, I know that after I

took Jonathan's body, I successfully entered that sturdy casket to use as a shelter-- and survived the explosion Jonathan set off.

Those are all logical conclusions.

But what I do not understand is the point of Erina Joestar saving that baby and surviving.-- How in the world did she survive that explosion?

The zombies Wang Chen created should have destroyed all of the life boats and life preservers.— I had instructed him to do so in the unlikely event that Jonathan tried to run away.

200

So even if Erina ran like Jonathan had instructed, even if she tried to survive, that should not have been possible.

It should have been her fate to sink into the sea along with that child.— That is why I did not think that the Joestar bloodline had continued to this point where I could be "photographed" by Joseph Joestar's "Hermit Purple."

I thought them destroyed.

I thought them gone— and yet...

Even if I am to make some assumptions, as in that there was some way Erina Joestar could have survived, I can only think that the casket I prepared — the casket I had carried into the ship, was the only thing that could be used as shelter.

But, is such a thing possible?

That casket was a shelter for one person, but if strained, it is not impossible that two could have been in it. Certainly, it was not designed for my physique to fit into it perfectly after I took Jonathan's body.— It is not unfathomable that both Erina and I were inside the casket.

Though strictly speaking, it was not two, but three.

Or even more strictly, four.

Jonathan, the baby, Erina, and I.— If all four of us fit into that casket, then it explains the current state of affairs.

Jonathan had a rather large body of 190 centimeters, but at that point he should have lost his head. And I am of similar height and I was just a head. Erina had a small frame and the baby was a baby.

It may have been a bit of a strain, but it should not have been physically impossible for those four to occupy a shelter built for one.

Physically, that is.

I have to say that emotionally, that could not happen.— Jonathan had just been pierced through the throat, mustered his final Ripple, and died.

And I confirmed that death— I believe.

So if I was conscious and I "took" Jonathan's body, I would not have accepted entering the same casket as Erina Joestar.

I can state that firmly even without a memory of it.

If I were conscious then— this situation would not have resulted.

I think it is likely that I mustered the last of my strength to take over Jonathan's body— and then I passed out.

I lost consciousness.

Though it sounds a bit nicer when saying it that way— Essentially, I had exhausted all of my strength.

Then who was it that had put me, exhausted, into that casket shelter?—

I have thus far convinced myself that even if I were unconscious, I would unconsciously have entered the casket for the sake of self-preservation.

Seeing that I am alive, I could not find any other explanation.-- But if I consider the fact of Erina Joestar also being alive, the story changes.

Even if I had unconsciously crawled into the casket, when Erina entered the casket herself, she would surely have thrown me out of it, wouldn't she?

—

Me, someone she hated, someone who killed her beloved partner, surely she would throw out of the casket, yes?-- No.

I had best not give this too much importance.

I have actually already reached my answer.— I just do not want to admit it. It was Erina. When I establish the fact that she had inherited the Joestar family
bloodline, their will, I knew. I knew, yet I could not accept it.

It was by Erina Joestar.

That my life was saved.— Though I would not like to admit it.

...However, considering the circumstances, there is no other answer.— With me having taken over Jonathan's body and exhausted my strength, Erina transported me to the casket and placed me inside with her.

There is no other way she and I, as well as that baby, could have been saved.

Thinking a bit more normally, perhaps she took that course of action because that was the corpse of her husband, something she could not simply leave on the boat.

But I know that is wrong.

202

As someone who possesses Jonathan's corpse, I must admit I know. That noble, proud, and limitlessly foolish woman— took pity on, of all people, me, Dio.

"Dio.

"Can you hear me, Dio...?

"If I had been born poor, I may have done the same thing...

"I may have had the same ambitious heart and strayed from the path of humanity just as you did.

"Jonathan's body belongs to you, now.

"Now, you truly are a member of the Joestar family.

"Now rest awhile with my husband at the bottom of Mother Ocean.

"Sleep soundly.

"I don't know if it will be in 50 or 100 years...

"But someday, please give up your evil ways and become a good person. Heaven.

"Please become a noble, proud human that can go to heaven."

I have a feeling that I heard someone say that.

I have a feeling— that at the very end, I heard those words.

That was quite something, what Erina Joestar said.

It was quite something, what my mother said.

203

The final necessity is location.

Location— and time.

I have calculated it.

Go 28 degrees 24 minutes north, 80 degrees 36 minutes west— and wait for the next new moon.

That should be the "time of heaven." now then.

The moment has about arrived, it seems.— Thejoestar group is finally here.

The way to go to "heaven" is already clear for me, but unfortunately, I am forced to put down my pen here today.— I will head to the tower. And this time, I will completely sever my fated connection with thejoestar family.

There is no need to panic. I possess a body with eternal life.

I have all the time I need.

I will continue writing this tomorrow.

...